THE BOOKMAN

A REVIEW OF BOOKS AND LIFE

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WANTED: AN AMERICAN POLICY

BY WILLIAM FORBES COOLEY

In our antipathy to Germany's predatory programme we are apt to miss the ideal side of it which justifies it in the eyes of Germans of culture. Professors Haeckel and Eucken and their ilk are not simply possessed with the *mania teutonicus*, albeit it is to be feared that even in them the infection is serious. For such Germans the war is waged, as Bernhardi declares, "for the highest interests . . . of mankind," as well as for German aggrandisement. Conquest is for them the indispensable means of lifting the world to a higher plane. It is the means which nature employs, and therefore the right means. Said the eminent chemist, Ostwald, in the early months of the war, "Germany . . . has attained to a stage of civilisation far higher than that of all other peoples. This war will, in the future, compel these other peoples to participate, under the form of German social efficiency, in a civilisation higher than their own." Other Germans, disciples of the humanities rather than the natural sciences, colour the prospect more warmly. "We hope," said Pastor Conrad, of the Kaiser Wilhelm Church in Berlin in 1915, "by the victory of our arms, to bring about a new efflorescence of humanity through the German nature, which will thus prove itself fruitful of blessings for other nations as well." Such men have a vision of one hundred and eighty millions of Russians going to school under German masters, of the waste places of Turkey redeemed and through German engineering blooming beyond their fairest estate in ancient days, of new industrial and cultural centres built up at the ends of the earth, as at Kiao Chao, and of the inferior peoples of Asia and Africa lifted to higher forms of life through German system and German science. Their ideal is of an improved world order which shall be not only efficient but benevolent, which shall instruct the ignorant, develop the weak, and bring plenty and comfort to the world, an order in which, as in Plato's "Republic," the wise (the philosopher kings of Potsdam) shall rule, the brave (the German common people, and the Germanic element in other civilised countries, provided these rise to their opportunity) shall defend, and the hand workers (the Latin and other less advanced races) shall find their highest good in obedient service of the whole; an order in which, as Geibel sang half a century ago, "German culture may bring healing to the nations." It is

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under the spell of this vision that Bernhardi is able to exclaim, "The brutal incidents inseparable from every war vanish completely before the idealism of the main result."

Now, this ideal is not only good Platonism, but was also good Judaism at Israel's most brilliant literary period. According to the prophets, Jerusalem, through her triumphant force, was to be the centre of power and blessing for the world, and in consequence was to be looked to with reverent desire by all nations. "Out of Zion" was to go forth the law, *after* the Messiah had put down all the opposition of the wicked, and reproved "strong nations afar off." Then, under the sway of Zion's victorious king, were to follow the days of peace, when swords were to be beaten into ploughshares, and the nations should not "learn war any more."

Yet we democratic peoples revolt from this programme in its modern rendering, and strive by bayonets and mellinite shells to bring it to naught! This, to the German idealist, is plain proof of our depravity, tempered somewhat by our ignorance. The real trouble, as he views it, is that we do not wish humanity to have the best things. We prefer that races should decay like the Haitians, or herd together without rational organisation, as in the slums of Philadelphia and New York, in order that our favoured classes may exploit them—an opinion which he shares with the class socialists. It is with an ethical and religious fervour, therefore, that German idealists join the Junkers in battling against Entente claims and forces. "Why do the heathen [we who wickedly oppose Germany's divinely given mission for world elevation] rage, and the peoples [of France and England, Italy and America] imagine a vain thing? . . . The Lord shall have them in derision!"*

*Cf. the lines of the poet Philippi: "We execute God Almighty's will, and the edicts of His justice we will fulfil, imbued with holy rage, in vengeance upon the ungodly. . . . We thank Thee, Lord God . . . with thine iron rod we smite all Thine enemies in the face."

If we would understand the Germans, it is well to look occasionally through their eyes. The late William James counselled, when dealing with a sincere opponent, getting first the other's point of view, and then *moving the point.* The German idealist's point of view is evidently interest in a higher world civilisation; and, for one, I quite agree that we are inferior folk if we ignore that interest, and evil folk if we oppose it. The "moving of the point" consists in showing that Germany's plan for realising her dream converts it into a nightmare for the rest of the world, for to the conquered it is a programme of desolation and spiritual humiliation. The higher human welfare has never been effected by conquest, and in the nature of the case cannot be. On the part of the victors conquest develops haughtiness and harshness; on the part of the vanquished it results either in resentment and smouldering revolt or in servility and treachery, according to the type of mind brought under the yoke. Abundant illustrations of this truth are to be found in the history of the Central European powers, as, indeed, in the history of the world. A higher civilisation can no more be produced by smashing blows of the mailed fist than flowers and fruit by biting winter blasts. The world good, if effected at all, must be sought by friendly co-operation, not by compulsion. Mutual service, now seen to be the fundamental principle of social development as well as of ethical religion, must characterise this greatest of all undertakings. While we rightly insist, however, on the democratic and fraternal character of sound social progress, we should not lose sight of the fact that the goal to which the best German thought

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directs itself, so far at least as it involves the collective welfare of mankind, is the right goal.

Over against this ideal what have we Americans to offer the world—indeed, to offer ourselves? Time was when our situation provided unitary aims for us, aims which often we pursued with little collective consideration—independence, conquest of the wilderness, political liberty, even for the slave. But what national objective have we had since the close of the Civil War? Collectively we seem to have run along on the momentum of earlier and more strenuous times. Meanwhile, certain foreign observers have been far from blind to a lack in us. A friend of Professor Shailer Mathews, we are told, visiting Germany in 1903 in the interest of the St. Louis Exposition, was there informed repeatedly that "we were not a nation; that we were interfering with their foreign trade, and that they would have to fight us." "Not a nation"! that is, a people with no real national life, no collective interests of strong appeal, no unitary purposes or ideals. To such critics we are but a rubbish heap of miscellaneous populations, lower in grade even than Austria-Hungary, because we have not even a dominant race, still less a government superior to the will of the masses.

We are not likely to plead guilty to this impeachment. We can see the ignorance and provincialism of our critics, and their bias, also, due to their mediæval tradition that a real state is necessarily feudal at heart. Moreover, we have seen within a year a rallying to the cause of democracy on the part of our people from ocean to ocean, a steadily increasing unity and firmness of resolution in a cause espoused in all openness of vision and sobriety of judgment, a swift response to the government's appeals for service and sacrifice—all of which betoken clearly that at least the *capacity* for national purpose and enterprise is present with us still.

Nevertheless, there is enough truth in the German indictment to call for careful searchings of heart, the more so that our own more serious prophets have spoken to somewhat similar effect. For one thing, it is all too true that America has been forcibly fed with new and heterogeneous citizens beyond her natural appetite, and, it is to be feared, beyond her immediate power to assimilate. A more serious thing, however, is that multitudes of our people, natives as well as foreign-born, appear to regard their country as a mere arena for individual, and commonly selfish, aggrandisement—essentially the German view of us. Winston Churchill, in his bitter-tasting but tonic tale, *A Far Country*, makes his hero say, "I have been a typical American, regarding my country as the happy hunting-ground of enlightened self-interest, as a function of my desires." All too many intelligent Americans, even to-day, would find no satire in these words. "Why, of course," they would doubtless say: "to look out for number one and fetch him out on top, is what we are all after"—an affirmation that the average citizen is a scrambling adventurer.

The strain of these war days, however, is revealing to our calloused minds the unworthiness of much that we have accepted hitherto with all too little challenge. The profiteer for example—now so justly odious, with his blindness to the common good, his squads of malingerers drawing excessive wages for marking time while he collects his fifteen per cent. profit thereon from the government—is actually doing only what is ordinarily approved, or connived at, by the business community. Why is it wrong now? Because it brings distress upon others? But it commonly brings distress upon others, as we have had abundant reason to know. The victims of industrial exploitation are ever with us, and their cries are

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by no means inaudible, though remote enough too often to dull ears and somnolent consciences.

The incompetent official, too, is showing in his real character, with his smug content to jog along in the harness of red tape, his selfish estimate of political office as a place, not a post (still less a trust); a berth, not a task; a reward for clannish service, not an opportunity for social service, that is, for a collective achievement *worthy* of reward. How we have been humiliated of late by the exposure of feebleness where we looked for ability, of pettiness where there should have been vision, of small pride of rank and eagerness for personal credit where the situation called for whole-hearted devotion to a cause unsurpassed in importance and sovereign appeal! Eight months after entering the war part of our recruits drilling with dummy guns, in unconscious but tragic irony of the unpreparedness teachings of our doctrinaire pacifists, and in painful contrast with "Kitchener's first one hundred thousand," enrolled, trained, equipped, and put into the firing line, under even greater difficulties, within a like period; young soldiers dying of pneumonia through lack of clothing and care, while a government unable to meet their needs forbade them the use of civilian garb and aid; bureau chiefs more concerned about the way United States troops will compare with foreign forces in appearance and latest fashion of equipment in 1919 than in keeping the world cause from ruin in 1918; even our big private industries repeatedly coming short in their vaunted efficiency (two hundred submarine chasers, for example, developing but two-thirds of their contract speed), and their plants and military stores becoming in a melancholy series of instances the seemingly easy prey of German-paid incendiaries; our railroads, too, so often lauded as models for the world, breaking down quickly under a national strain, albeit their cost has often been twice that of equally good roads abroad—these things and their like, with their seamy sides of private interest, served at the expense of public welfare, and of official incompetence due to unconcern as to national affairs, take on new aspects in the glow of awakened patriotism and humiliating disappointment. That alleged "practical" temper of Americans, by reference to which politicians and promoters have been wont to dismiss disdainfully really scientific plans for improvement, is now seen to be largely racial myopia—Anglo-Saxon indisposition to look beyond things near to larger and equally certain things farther on, lethargic aversion to thinking things through to their consequences. If the French had been practical in the Anglo-Saxon sense, the world would now be Teuton, or so near it that only the desperate efforts of a generation could retrieve the situation.

The day for testing the German judgment of us is at hand. Is the United States of America little more than a geographical expression (as many of our pacifists seem to think), a mere area peopled with a hodgepodge of immigrants, a magnified Klondike or Kimberley? Our future depends upon the answer. Let us hope that a great disaster is not in store for us, to teach us by the methods of nature's hard school the folly of indifference to collective ends and efficiency.

That lack of national spirit; that absorption in private concerns and indifference to collective interests, referred to above, the functions of the state being regarded as merely those of a policeman, or, say, the keeper of a gambling house—that is an extreme form of what is called "individualism." Its *merits* (especially when somewhat restrained by human feeling) in the way of stimulation of production, initiative, and forceful char-

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acter, particularly in the favoured classes, and its *drawbacks* in the way of inhuman competition, industrial exploitation, wastefulness, and the cultivation of greed, have often been pointed out, and cannot be discussed here. To-day the question is an urgent one whether democracy is wedded to thoroughgoing individualism, that is, individualism unbalanced by equally strong social interests; whether "government of the people, by the people, and for the people" inevitably means selfishness established as the reigning order in politics and business.*

That question may easily go by default on the individualistic side, if critical patriotism does not insist upon a rational decision. Recently, for example, a cable despatch reported Lord Rhondda, food controller in Great Britain, as declaring that he intends to play socialist for the remainder of the war, but will then go back to individualism. "I believe," he adds, "that the driving force in human affairs is selfishness. No doubt matters were so arranged by a discerning Providence"!—a remark which shows how easy it is for a British aristocrat to share the Kaiser's comfortable assurance that the order of things which puts him in the dominant class is divine. It is curious how this assumption of selfishness as the inevitable dynamic of life persists in the field of practical politics after it has been overthrown and banished in the field of ethics. Men who would scorn the domination of greed in their own private lives continue to maintain that of course other men must be under that domination. For instance, an American of some prominence in politics, who before our entry into the war stoutly championed the idea assumed in Lord Rhondda's *obiter dictum,* has within the past year given two sons to the cause of the nation and literally worked himself to death in its behalf! The actual truth vaguely apprehended in the common selfish view appears to be, that men *who have no more interesting goals before them* will naturally take to the adventures of private gain. Slackers and other weaklings apart, men must have an outlet for their energies; and, in lack of a higher end which has appeal for them, they will inevitably pursue a lower one. But the world abounds in evidence, and perhaps never more than to-day, that there are things which men, regardless of class, value more than the recruiting of their pockets. The real problem in both ethics and politics is to bring these higher interests into the field of life.

If this is true of men individually, why should it be different with them collectively? Is it urged that democracies have arisen as reactions from governmental oppression; that they are outcomes and expressions of revolt from authority, and therefore stand for the individual as opposed to the collective interest? This argument evidently applies only to the first stages of democratic development. It is a pertinent consideration enough as regards the new Russia; but what native American is individualistic through his personal reaction from tyranny? Whatever may be true of our adopted citizens, the native-born appear to be individualists, and too often thoughtless and selfish individualists, more through tradition and suggestion than any other cause. That kind of life constituted the way of their fathers; it is the way of the men in their vicinage; and it is adopted and followed with little enough thought as to whether some other way may not be more rational.

*If, as is often maintained, selfish individualism is, in the last analysis, the real American policy, then the motto on our coins raises the question whether we do not trust in God (if, indeed, we do!) because we will not trust one another; and whether it would not be more honest to express our real sentiments in the frank maxim, "Every man for himself."

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Without taking up the issue between individualism and socialism, beyond expressing the faith that human intelligence can find a *via media* preferable to either of these extremes, I wish to point out the need of a *supreme national interest*, or ideal, as a greatly needed factor in our American life. That a definite aim is needful for success in personal affairs is a familiar truth. "Aimless activity" and "an aimless life" are terms of reprobation in common use. A worthy goal kept in view is what forefends vacillation and waste and what incites, inspires, and releases latent potencies. Teleology, however disputable in cosmology and physics, is firmly established in biology, psychology, and ethics. Nothing that lives can be adequately accounted for without reference to ends served by its functions. Aristotle long ago made this truth the corner-stone of his ethics; and St. Paul, we remember, declared that "we are saved by hope," that is, through the incitement of a desired and expected end.

Now, a nation is, also, a thing of life, an organism in a real, if not a literal, sense—a great unitary human group with a rational internal structure, far reaching, mutually serving functions, and distinctive needs and purposes. No more than an individual can such an organism thrive without an aim, a seriously chosen end, which shall call forth its energies, direct its course, and satisfy its aspirations. And what is the aim, or ideal, of the United States of America? At present, since we realise (at the eleventh hour) that our liberties and our security are seriously menaced from abroad, we are substantially one in our determination to defend ourselves to the utmost; which, indeed, is well. But in the nature of the case this collective end will be transitory. What shall we live for when the war is over? For mere individual advantage once more? With no higher collective purpose than that of keeping our policeman government as decent as possible? Shall we like sheep all go astray again, turning "every man to his own way"? This will quite certainly be the outcome, if we do not take effective means to the contrary; that is, find some effective progressive interest to draw us on to new endeavours.

To what then shall we turn? World peace is an impressive objective just now, but it will not suffice as an abiding aim; for it is a negative interest, and so commanding only in times of stress. Nor is there anything in mere peace to prevent internal decay and rottenness, as we see in the widespread official corruption of China, that most pacific of empires. That the German militarists exaggerate this truth is no proof that it is not a truth. Neither will our great task of the nineteenth century, that of subduing our part of the continent, suffice. Abundant scope for physical progress in our land still exists, of course, but such possible progress is no longer great enough relatively, nor urgent enough, to absorb the nation's energies in a dominant way, and to constitute its prime task to the subordination of other interests.

Certainly no *doctrinaire* or utopian ideal will meet our needs. Anglo-Saxons, unlike the French of 1789, and the Russians of 1917, cannot take a dream-born programme seriously. Our objectives must be in some real touch with our experience; they must be the outgrowth of things which we know because we have tried them, and in which in a measure our interest is already aroused. Nor will any predominantly *altruistic* ideal win and hold the devotion of our people. Egoism—not selfishness, be it observed—is strongly intrenched in American life. International altruism would wear the aspect of knight-errantry to our people—something to be relegated to foreign missionaries and an occasional Chinese Gordon.

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Even Americans of altruistic temper would perceive that a philanthropic foreign policy would be fruitful in suspicions and antagonisms on the part of other peoples, whereas a policy to be truly American, conceived, let us say, in the spirit of America's welcome to the foreign-born, must be nationally inclusive, with a fraternal welcome for the fellow-activity, whether emulative or co-operative, of other peoples.

Of course, the chosen end must have charm, and that too for all our many diverse classes and racial elements. It must have practical aspects for the men of affairs, promise of social advance and betterment for the progressive-minded, and æsthetic and emotional possibilities for the moral idealists. Moreover, in contrast to the Utopias, it must be a *policy* rather than an established condition—a line of *action* toward an onward moving type of life, a type including all our worthy interests and aptitudes, and capable of assimilating new interests as these arise and of adjusting itself to the new facts of a developing world.*

Is such an aim, so variously characterised, possible? I venture to think that it may be framed by simply developing the implicit ideals in our past and present interests, and enlarging their scope to correspond with our new national estate, as no longer a provincial people but a world power. *Liberty*, for example, properly means more than *mere absence* of external restraint and constraint—a negative condition. To our new citizens from abroad it means more very emphatically; and, when they do not find that "more," they give a harsh report of us. True liberty stands for something *positive*, for *opportunity*, industrial as well as political, for personal achievement and the satisfaction of desires. *Democracy*, too, is more than the mere rule of the people, a "more" which is suggested in Lincoln's memorable words, "government . . . *for* the people." That "for" points to popular welfare, and in the widest, most progressive sense. So in the case of the ideal involved in our fathers' task of subduing the wilderness—the American application of the ancient Biblical commission to "replenish the earth and subdue it, and have dominion"—the conception of mind-wrought progressive welfare of men and women has been the chief factor. The industrial winning of the land has meant farms and cities and homes—all the satisfactions of civilised life.

What more do Americans need in the way of a national end of endeavour for the future than just these aims enlarged and universalised? They are not ideals which have lost their appeal to human nature; but surely the field of their application has been vastly expanded. Within our own borders our great task is still the full realisation of liberty. The positive and larger meaning of that word must be worked out into fact intelligently and patiently through a system of provisions for ever enlarging individual opportunity in industry and commerce, in science and art. If, when need arises, the body of the

*It may be well to add that the national policy should be frankly avowed; for a vague diplomacy is easily regarded by foreign governments as intriguing or even perfidious. There is reason to think that one source of our success with the "Monroe Doctrine" has been our outspokenness, which has enabled other nations to count upon our course with confidence and govern their action accordingly. It is not unlikely that had Great Britain been committed to the defence of Belgium and the support of France in recent and clearly authoritative utterances, the present war would have been averted, at least for a considerable period; and it is highly probable that Germany would not have resorted to ruthless submarine war last year, if the course our nation would take thereupon had been placed beyond doubt in advance. As it was, owing to our unpreparedness and the prevalent doctrinaire pacifism, President Wilson's warnings were not taken seriously.

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people are to fight for liberty, it must be made sufficiently valuable to them to be worth fighting for. It must stand for precious things in the experience of the average citizen. But this task, while it is in a special sense our own, is not, and should not be, merely for our own benefit. America is the world's great experimental field in freedom, and the interest of the world in our results should never be forgotten.

When we turn to man's conquest of nature, and that conquest of social relations in the interest of all which we call democracy, the world interest is even plainer. We cannot any longer keep to ourselves in easy and often ignoble provincialism. Willing or unwilling we are world citizens. Should we not, then, in loyalty to our best traditions, be *progressive* citizens, putting our shoulder manfully and generously to the task of developing the world for human welfare? Is it urged that the proposed policy is too ideal to appeal to the majority of our people? The objection holds only when the world development is conceived preponderantly in ethical and abstract outlines. That limitation, however—the vision as etching rather than as painting—is quite uncalled for. The ethical* factor—the pursuit of the fullest life for all men as determined by the possibilities of their diverse natures—must indeed be present and dominant; but, on the other hand, intelligent endeavour in that direction requires that every form of human interest be given adequate scope for expression. The good of man as discerned by constructive mind is necessarily to be achieved through roads and railways, ship canals and irrigation ditches, improved methods of farming, manufacture, and trade, as well as through schools and churches, science and art, the forum and the press. There is properly no conflict between the spirit of material progress and the spirit of blessing; indeed, the former may be merely the latter in action—social service in jumper and overalls. Of course, material welfare is not *identical* with the ethical ideal. Nevertheless, as Aristotle long ago pointed out and social workers have rediscovered, some measure of physical well-being is for most men the essential condition of a growing and worthy personality; and, when democratically distributed, it is a needful, and at times very potent, agency for enlarged and refined interests. Irrigation canals have, literally enough, been means of mental development and larger life in Egypt and India. In such situations the engineer at times effects more, spiritually, than the missionary. Now, in the promotion of such enterprises, such campaigns for human dominion over nature, if the purpose is only fraternal and democratic and not dominating and exploitative, we have, or may have, a form of internationalism which is in no needful conflict with sound nationalism on the part of the co-operating peoples, and which does assuredly appeal to the constructive mind and swelling energies of practical Americans.

As to the more idealistic classes, those interested in politics, liberal culture, and religion, it seems too obvious to call for discussion that the policy suggested is one to enlist their interest and co-operation. Surely full many among us after the war, especially if they are influenced by the fine attitude of President Wilson in his recent state papers, will feel the urge of *noblesse oblige*, prompting them, as citizens of the richest, strongest, and best situated nation (because

*Is it needful to explain that "ethical" does not necessarily mean or involve either conventional morality or altruism—say, of the St. Francis type? Action for the common good will define the word sufficiently for the present discussion, and that is a principle which economics magnifies likewise, teaching us that only those forms of industry and commerce which are *mutually* beneficial can be lasting and progressive.

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free from the traditional entanglements and aristocratic counter forces of Europe) to promote, help on, and often lead in the great tasks of reconstruction which, before long, will face mankind. One of the first of these tasks, soon to be urgent, is that of so re-enforcing the rational and democratic forces in the coming peace settlement that there shall be no treaty sanctioning of national or racial or class injustices—roots of future poison trees!—but instead there shall be established, in the words of Arthur Henderson, the English labour leader, some "society of nations pledged to maintain peace and democratic freedom." It is most significant that some of the best of the Entente leaders look to us for this kind of service. Mr. Henderson—the accredited representative of interests assuredly *practical* and not utopian—continues, "European democracy calls to the democracy of America, as the deep calls to the deep, to prevent the war aims of the Allies from being transformed into a programme of conquest and annexation," and to aid "in making the Allied victory a real victory for popular liberty and democratic ideals." And Gilbert Murray, in his New Year's message to us, says that America "will help the great mass in the allied nations, which is also disinterested, against the small and violent sections which are not. . . . She will help us to remember that . . . we must wage war, not in rage or vainglory, nor in any form of covetousness, but in a burning pity for the wrongs of mankind."

To conclude: the ideal of America which, when her national interests of the past are reinterpreted in the light of her new powers and new opportunities, rises before the mind for the years to come, is that of a fraternal leader nation in world civilisation; a power quick to co-operate with sister states in the establishment of that full dominion of the earth by man (to which Germany would *drive* us in order that her own throne may be exalted), and ready, too, to join with like-minded peoples in curbing viciously disposed tribes (even when they boast of their *kultur*) when these menace the peace and welfare of mankind. It is the vision of America participating whole-heartedly in a future progressive world order primarily concerned with material prosperity achieved through enterprises of law, commerce, and engineering, but so socially animated that all the humanities—arts, sciences, and ethical religions—appear increasingly as its natural expression. The school teacher shall follow the flags of commerce, and find pupils along the new irrigation ditches, and the journalist, the prophet, and the poet traverse civilisation's highways through the jungles as bearers of friendly incitement to isolated and backward peoples. Such a national aim is the worthy consummation of our past development. To such a national aim may well be applied the words of Washington at the opening of the original constitutional convention: "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair—the event is in the hand of God." Let our motto be, not that narrow and exclusive one favoured by some, America for Americans, but that larger and far more progressive one, The Earth for Man. There will then be no presumption in adding, "In God We Trust."

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ON THE WRITING OF MY "ALIENS" *

BY WILLIAM McFEE

So MANY people are unaware of the number of works of fiction which have been rewritten after publication. I was rather surprised myself when I came to recapitulate them. I would not go so far as to say that second editions, like second thoughts, are the best, because I at once think of *The Light That Failed*. But I do believe that under the very unusual circumstances of the genesis and first issue of *Aliens* I am justified in offering a maturer and more balanced representation of what that book stands for.

The notion of a character like Mr. Carville came to me while I was busy finishing *Casuals of the Sea* during the late fall of 1912. A short story was the result. It went to many likely and unlikely publishers, for I knew very little of the field. I do not know whether the *Farm Journal* (of which I am a devoted reader) got it, but it is quite probable. A mad artist who lived near us, in an empty store along with a studio stove and three priceless Kakemonos, told me he would "put me next" an editor of his acquaintance. I forget the name of the paper now, but I think it had some connection with women's clothes. I sent in my story, but unfortunately my friend forgot to "put me next" for I got neither cash nor manuscript. The next time I passed the empty store, I stepped in to explain, but the artist had a black eye, and his own interest was so engrossed in Chinese lacquer-work and a stormy divorce case he had coming on shortly, that I was struck dumb. What was a short story in comparison with such issues? And I knew he had no more opinion of me as an author than I had of him as an artist.

But when another typed copy came back from a round of visits to American magazines, I kept it. I had a strong conviction that, in making a book of what was then only a rather vague short story, I was not such a fool as the mad artist seemed to think. I reckoned his judgment had been warped by the highly eccentric environment in which he delighted. The empty store in which he lived like a rat in a shipping-case was new and blatant. It thrust its blind, lime-washed window-front out over the sidewalk. Over the lime-wash one could see the new pine shelving along the walls loaded with innumerable rolls of wall-paper. Who was responsible for this moribund stock I could never discover. Perhaps the mad artist imagined them to be priceless Kakemonos of such transcendent and blinding beauty that he did not dare unroll them. They resembled a library of papyrus manuscripts. Here and there among them stood some exquisitely hideous dragon or bird of misfortune. He had a bench in the store, too, I remember, and seemed to have some sort of business in mending such things for dealers. And he did a little dealing himself, too, for his madness had not destroyed his appreciation of the value of money. He would exhibit some piece of oriental rubbish, and when one had politely admired it, he would say pleasantly, "Take it!" One took it, and a week later he would borrow its full value as a loan.

*This article is a part of the preface which will appear in Mr. McFee's *Aliens*, to be published shortly by Doubleday, Page and Company.

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With his Kakemonos he was even more mystifying, for he would develop sudden and quite unnecessary bursts of rage and announce his refusal of anything under a million for them. And then he would exhibit them, taking them from a broken Libby, McNeil and Libby milk case under his camp-bed, and hold the rolled splendours aloft. And then, with a grandiose gesture, as of some insane nobleman showing his interminable pedigree, he would let the thing unfold, and one beheld a sad animal of unknown species sitting in a silver winter landscape, or a purple silk sunset. And over it glared the mad artist, a sallow fraud, yet watching with some impatience how the stranger regarded this secret preoccupation of his life. I knew nothing about such things and knew he scorned me for my ignorance. Like most artists, he was an unconscious liar. He strove also to give an impression of tremendous power. He had gestures which were supposed to register virility, irresistible force, abysmal contempt. And if the word had not been worked to death by people who don't know its meaning, I would have added that he was a votary of the *kultur* of his race. His ideal, I suppose, was more the Renaissance *virtú* than our milk-and-water virtue. He made me feel that I was a worm. In short, he was a very interesting, provocative and exasperating humbug, and his very existence seemed to me sufficient reason for turning *Aliens* into a book which would shed a flickering light upon the fascinating problem of human folly.

For that is what it amounted to. I was obsessed with the problem of human folly, and he focussed that obsession. It often happens that the character which inspires a book never appears in it. In all sincere work I think it must be so. And, with the mad artist in my mind all the time, I got a good deal of fun out of writing the book, and that, after all, is the main reason one has for writing books. I finished the thing and immediately became despondent, a condition from which I was raised by an unexpected admirer. This was the elderly gentleman who did my typewriting. He dwelt half way up a tall elevator shaft in Newark, New Jersey, and, as far as I could gather, had farmed himself out to a number of lawyers, none of whom had much to do except telephone to each other and smoke domestic cigars. They say no man is a hero to his valet. I have never had a valet except on shipboard, and I have no desire to compete with the heroes of the average steward; but I have had a typist, and I suppose it is equally rare for an author to be interesting to his amanuensis. And when I climbed one day (the elevator being out of order) to the eyrie where my elderly henchman had his nest, his bald head was shining in the westering sun, and he beamed like a jolly old sun himself as he apologised for not having finished. "He had got so interested in the parties," he explained, "that he hadn't got on as quick as he'd hoped to." I still like to think he was sincere when he said this. Anyhow, I was encouraged. I bound up my copies of typescript and shoved them out into the world. They came back. They became familiar at the local post-office. The mad artist, meeting me with a parcel, would divine the contents and inquire, "Well, and how's *Aliens?*" He would also inform me that there were several books called by that title. He would regard me with a glassy-eyed grin as I hurried on. He had no more faith in me than he had in himself. Sometimes he would pretend not to see me, but go stalking down the avenue, his fists twisted in his pocket, his head bent, his brows portentous with thought . . . a grotesque humbug!

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But the time came when, as I have explained elsewhere, I had had enough of artists and books. Of art I never grow weary, but she calls me over the world. I suspect the sedentary art-worker. Most of all, I suspect the sedentary writer. I divide authors into two classes—genuine artists, and educated men who wish to earn enough to let them live like country gentlemen. With the latter I have no concern. But the artist knows when his time has come. In the same way I turned with irresistible longing to the sea, whereon I had been wont to earn my living. It is a good life and I love it. I love the men and their ships. I find in them a never-ending panorama which illustrates my theme, the problem of human folly! Suffice it, I sent my manuscripts to London, looked out my sea dunnage, and the publishing offices of New York City knew me no more.

About a year later I received the proofs of *Aliens* while in Cristobal, Canal Zone. Without exaggeration, I scarcely knew what to do with them. The outward trappings of literature had fallen away from me with the heavy northern clothing which I had discarded on coming south. I was first assistant engineer on a mail-boat serving New Orleans, the West Indies and the Canal Zone. I had become inured once more to an enchanting existence which alternated between bunk and engine-room. I regarded the neatly bound proof-copy of *Aliens* with misgiving. My esteemed chief, a Scotsman in whose family learning is an honourable tradition, suggested an empty passenger cabin as a suitable study. I forget exactly how the proof-reading was dove-tailed into the watch below, but dove-tailed it was, and when the job was done, the book once more sailed across the Atlantic.

But I was not satisfied. Through the dense jungle of preoccupying affairs in which I was buried I could see that I was not satisfied. I was trying to eat my cake and have it. I make no complaint. If there be one person for whom I cherish a profound dislike it is the literary character who whines because his circumstances hinder his writing. I was no George Gissing, cursed with a dreary distaste of common toil and mechanical things. I love both the Grecian Isles and gas-burners. But for the moment I had chosen gas-burners, or rather steam engines, and I knew I could not have both. So *Aliens* went back to London, and I went my daily round of the Caribbean. I felt that for once I could trust the judgment of a first-class publisher.

Much happened between the day when I mailed my proofs from the big post-office on Canal Street in New Orleans, and the day when I set out to write this present version. I was now in another hemisphere and the world was at war. By a happy chance I laid hold of a copy of *Aliens*, sent previously to a naval relative serving on the same station. Up and down the Ægean Sea, past fields of mines and fields of asphodel, past many an isle familiar in happier days to me, I took my book and my new convictions about human folly. It was a slow business, for it so chanced that my own contribution to the war involved long hours. But *Aliens* grew.

And one evening, I remember, I left off in the middle of Mr. Carville's courtship and went to bed. We were speeding southward. It was a dark, moonless night. The islands of the Grecian Archipelago were roofed over with a vault of low-lying clouds, as if those ferniferous hummocks and limestone peaks were the invisible pillars of an enormous crypt. And since across the floor of this crypt many other vessels were speeding without lights, it was not wonderful that for once our good fortune failed us. For we had had good fortune. Aeroplanes had bombed, and missed us by yards. Zeppelins had come

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down in flaming ruin before our astonished eyes. Islands had loomed under the very fore-foot of our ship in a fog, and we had gone astern in time. But this time it was our turn. We were, in the succinct phraseology of the sea, in collision.

The story of that night will no doubt be told in its proper place and time. Suffice it that for some weeks we were laid aside, and local Levantine talent invoked to make good the disaster. And in spite of the clangour of rivetters, the unceasing cries of fezzed and turbaned mechanics, and the heavy blows of sweating carpenters, caulkers and blacksmiths, *Aliens* grew. There was a blessed interval, between five o'clock, when my day's work ended, and the late cabin-dinner at six-thirty, when the setting sun shone into my room and illumined my study-table—a board laid across an open drawer. And *Aliens* grew. For some time, while the smashed bulwarks and distorted frames of the upper-works were being hacked away outside my window, the uproar was unendurable, and I would go ashore note-book in pocket, to find a refuge where I could write. I would walk through the city and sit in her gardens; and the story grew. I found obscure *cafés* where I could sit with coffee and *narghileh*, and watch the Arabic letter-writers worming the thoughts from their inarticulate clients, and *Aliens* grew. And later, near the Greek Patriarchate, I found that which to me is home—a second-hand bookstore. For I mark my passage about this very wonderful world by old bookstores. London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Rotterdam, Genoa, Venice, New York, Ancona, Rouen, Tunis, Savannah, Kobé and New Orleans have, in my memory, their old bookstores, where I could browse in peace. And here in Alexandria I found one that might have been lifted out of Royal Street or Lafayette Square. A ramshackle wooden building, bleached and blistered by many a dust-storm and torrid sun, its cracked and distorted window-panes were curtained with decayed illustrated papers in many tongues, discoloured Greek and Italian penny-dreadfuls, and a few shelves of cheap curios. Over the door a long shingle displayed on one side the legend *Librairie Universelle*, while the other bore the word *BIBAIOΠΩΛΙΟΝ* which you may translate as it please your fancy. Inside the narrow doors were craters and trenches and redoubts and dugouts of books. They lay everywhere, underfoot and overhead. They ran up at the back in a steep *glacis* with embrasures for curios, and were reflected to infinity in tall dusty pier-glasses propped against the walls. High up under the mansard roof hung an antique oriental candelabrum with one candle. Hanging from twine were stuffed fish of grotesque globular proportions, and with staring apoplectic eyes. A stuffed monkey was letting himself down, one-hand, from a thin chain, and regarded the customer with a contemptuous sneer, the dust lying thick on his head and arms and his exquisitely curled tail. And out of an apparently bomb-proof shelter below several tons of books there emerged a little old gentleman in a brilliant *tarbush*, who looked inquiringly in my direction. For a moment I paused, fascinated by the notion that I had discovered the great Library of Alexandria, reported burned so many centuries ago. For once within those musty, warped, unpainted walls one forgot the modern world. I looked out. Across the street, backed by the immense and level blaze of an Egyptian sunset, blocks of Carrara marble blushed to pink with mauve shadows, and turned the common stone mason's yard into a garden of gigantic jewels. The hum of a great city, the grind of the trolley-cars, the cries of the itinerant sell-

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ers of nuts and fruit, of chewing gum and lottery-tickets, of shoelaces and suspenders, of newspapers, and prawns, and oysters, and eggs, and bread, the rattle of carriages and all the flashing brilliance of the palaces of pleasure, were shut out from that quiet street near the Greek Patriarchate. I had the sudden notion of asking for permission to sit in that Universal Library, and write. And Mr. Bizikas, the little old gentleman in the vivid *tarbush*, who was lighting a very dirty tin lamp to assist the one candle in the oriental candelabrum, had no objection. I have a feeling occasionally that here I topped the rise of human felicity, as I conceive it. Perhaps I did. Anyhow, *Aliens* grew.

PRAYER

BY WILLARD WATTLES

THOSE who in their hearts have known
The living God's eternal throne,

Who have beheld the flaming sword
Leap in the flash of human word,

Who carry in their deep-set eyes
Quiet immortalities,

Whose feet have walked with scarce a sound
Wonder-haunted homely ground,

For whom each feathered throat that stirs
Is one of heaven's choristers,

Who look and look and always see
Men's hearts beneath their mummery,

Whose thoughts are instant everywhere. . . .
What need have such as these for prayer?

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OUR AMERICAN "OLD MASTERS"

BY CHARLES L. BUCHANAN

IN AN age, the dominant characteristic of which is a premature and over-precipitant preoccupation with novelty for the sheer sake of the novelty and quite regardless of intrinsic qualifications, the sensitive respecter of beautiful things is inclined, perhaps, to accord a disproportionate amount of importance to established and commonly accepted reputations at the expense of a just regard for contemporary artistic achievement. The supreme difficulty confronting the honest worker in and recorder of artistic activities is the difficulty of maintaining an equitable balance between a too comfortable acquiescence in the old, a too indiscriminating indorsement of the new. One's inclination is almost uncontrollably in the direction of one extreme or the other at the expense of a normal middle-ground. Those of us that are disturbed and irritated by the over-emphasis laid by shallow and ignoble minds upon inconsequential and meretricious effort, those of us that cannot ease our bewilderment at the spectacle of the palpably counterfeit winning acceptance over the legitimate, are, perhaps, over-inclined to believe that there is an indefinable something inherent in precedent that lends it both a perpetual potency of appeal and, what is more to the point, a kind of excellence, unassailable in its supremacy, that may serve as a fixed standard by which we may compare, to its disadvantage, the lesser work of art. We should like to give the lie to those gentlemen of impetuous and excessive inclination, our radical reviewers, suspecting them, as we so often do, of an innate incapacity for fine feelings, loyalties and consistencies of opinion. We should like to insist upon the invulnerableness and integrity of some past accomplishment particularly lovable to us. It is natural that we should do this. To the intense lover of lovely things the attitude of reverence is so precious a sensation that it is not easy to subject to a close and searching scrutiny work upon which Time appears to have set a permanent mark of approval.

All the more reason why we must force ourselves to this task. In the present instance, I have in mind those of our dead painters that are accorded conventional recognition, too often, I suspect, from the mere reason of their being dead, and not, as we should like to believe, because of their incontestable merit. What the verdict of fifty years from now will be on Inness, Martin, Wyant, Homer, Blakelock,* Twachtman, Fuller and Ryder, we can, of course, have not the slightest idea (and we might be considerably unhappy if we knew), but, very gradually, revaluations are taking place, and it is certain that the old, easy acquiescence in a wholesale, take-it-for-granted indorsement of these men is over and done with for all time. We have begun to pick and choose, to encourage close discriminations, to formulate, in other words, something approximating a fixed scale of values.

The common comprehension has more or less unreservedly accepted the general impression that these men achieved a degree of excellence far and away beyond the work of our contemporary painters. This

*In view of the lamentable fact that Blakelock's powers have been irreparably impaired by disease, the writer feels justified in including him in the present article.

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point of view, however popular it may be, is open to argument. Two of them, Inness and Winslow Homer, represent, it is true, a breadth of outlook that no contemporary effort parallels. We are not premature in according them an exclusive position, unassailable and unique. They merit a special consideration, for they are, very probably, the two greatest painters this country has produced. It is with those painters with whom they are commonly, and perhaps somewhat carelessly, associated that we are at present concerned.

Let us unburden ourselves, in so far as it is humanly possible, of preconceived points of view, prejudices, bits of information unthinkingly accepted into the system, and let us walk together through an average collection of American paintings. The press has probably ignored it, largely, I suppose, because it *is* an American collection. If, however, it does happen to supply you with a couple of perfunctory paragraphs devoted to the affair, you will probably find that the prestige of the written word has been utilised to call your attention to the beauties of some particular Inness, Wyant or Martin, names you have had dinned into your consciousness ever since you were born. Tryon, Dearth, Weir, Lawson and Murphy may be beautifully in evidence, but your attention is not directed to them, your attention is directed to Inness, Wyant and Martin.

So far, so good. But now comes the rub. (And mind you this is not prejudice airing itself; it is the concentrated essence of innumerable disappointments.) You stand, for example, before a Wyant. Your susceptibilities are tuned for joyous reactions. You have fed on imaginary Wyants, conjuring miraculous previsionings out of your hero worship. Well, what happens? Four times out of five you experience a palpable shock. The thought riots through your sensibilities, "Good heavens! this can't be Wyant!" Six or eight or ten canvases rebuff you in similar fashion, and you have reached a sort of comatose, don't-care-a-hang attitude toward the whole affair, when traditional opinion revives your debilitated enthusiasm with the assurance that these are wretched examples of Wyant—oh, no! these are not the real things at all! Mr. So and So's Wyants or Mr. Somebody Else's Wyants!—those are the Wyants! A little later you draw up before an Inness. (We are talking now of bad Innesses, not good ones.) You do *so* wish you could possess an Inness. You have seen photographs of Inness's pictures, and they are indisputably head and shoulders above anyone else's pictures. But something seems to have got out of gear. Figuratively speaking, you rub your eyes and polish up your sensibilities. What is wrong? Is this the famous *Sunshine and Clouds* you have so long deferred to in your valuations of American painting? Here are tones hard as nails and absolutely artificial. Here is an utter absence of that envelope of atmosphere that you cannot help associating with the legitimate trend of modern landscape painting. Undeniably a mediocre picture. You may say "rather a big conception," but of charm there is very little, if any at all. Traditional opinion bobs up again. It tells you that this is no representative Inness. It says, "Oh! my dear fellow, I wish you could see the Innesses I have seen! Take your breath away! Halsted's—for instance, those were the cream; I helped him select them." A little later you stand before a Homer Martin, consisting of a couple of dreary tones for shore and sky, and a few scrawny figures. *The Mussel Gatherers.* Somebody says to you, "I'm one of those persons that believe Homer Martin couldn't paint a bad picture." You

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are tempted to believe he never painted more than two or three good ones.

Now here is the point. You approach this trio of American painters with every instinct in you keyed to an hospitable, enthusiastic pitch of expectancy. You do not question their sovereignty until they have repeatedly betrayed your trust. You hope, perhaps, to possess a Wyant, an Inness, a Martin. You go through the dispiriting drudge of your days with their images beckoning you. You encounter years of disillusion. You administer tonics to your credulity and your optimism. But alas! a time comes when you suddenly find yourself face to face with the awesome issue: Do these legendary Innesses, Wyants and Martins really exist? Are they not, perchance, self-created illusions, bred a bit on personal affection and the legitimate but sometimes overworked prestige of the heretofore?

What is the answer to all this? Irreverence on my part? No, a thousand times no! I venerate these men deeply, consistently, but I do not hesitate to say that from a technical standpoint they are often inadequate —infirm was the word I had originally intended. Nor can there be the slightest doubt that their work, when judged from the standpoint of a sheerly sensuous loveliness, falls far short of the best work being produced in our immediate time by such painters as Hassam, Tryon, Murphy, Lawson and Weir. Notice, for example, the curious fact that whereas you can gain no impression whatsoever of the textural beauty of a Weir, a Hassam or a Murphy from a photographic reproduction (the whole spirit of the picture eliminated, as a matter of fact, and nothing but the dry husk of line remaining), yet nine times out of ten you gain an enjoyment, a quiver of expectancy, so to speak, out of a photographic reproduction of an Inness, a Wyant, a Martin (Wyant and Martin particularly so) that is rebuffed and permanently disappointed when you come face to face with the original. Of course, too much must not be argued from this highly suggestive and, I believe, incontrovertible fact, but it would certainly seem to indicate a lack in the painting of these men of those beauties and legitimate gratifications inherent in an adroit manipulation of their material. To my taste, I find this to be the case. I am never satisfied by the sum-total of a Wyant or a Martin as I am by an Inness, a Winslow Homer, a Tryon or a Murphy. I think the genesis of this resides in the fact that what an Inness, a Homer, a Murphy set out to accomplish, they accomplish without faltering, without lopsidedness, presenting us at the end with that perfect fusing of components, that miraculous equilibrium that marks the superior achievement. This accomplishment does not always characterise the work of Inness, but, at his greatest, the grandiose conception, the prodigious panoramic ecstasy is revealed to us superbly, satisfyingly, poised in perfection. Martin, on the other hand (a painter somewhat similar to Inness in bigness of outlook—the cosmical visioning, so to speak) seldom achieves the inspirational poise of inevitability. Subject to revision (as all honesty of opinion must be), I would call him a stammerer, as it were, in his medium of expression, not infirm, as I often feel Wyant to be, but ungainly through the possession and the exercise of a fine, noble strength uncoordinated. It is by what he attempts rather than by what he achieves that Martin excites our good wishes; but, alas! there is a special hell in art paved with good intentions. Martin has good intentions, but, as some one says somewhere about nature, he cannot carry them out. His vision may be Homeric; his handling is too often atrocious. He stumbles over

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the wide and windy spaces of the world with huge, inaccurate footfalls. The strength of his inspiration is the strength of a veritable Samson of paint, muscle-bound, ungainly of limb and uncertain like some blindfolded thing of his very direction. His palette is unfortunate when it permits itself in its higher register a kind of vanilla yellow and a blue too fluent, too voluble, however justified by nature, to carry a conviction to us of its integrity when reproduced on canvas. In his lower keys (*The Mussel Gatherers,* for example) we are confronted by a positive muddiness from which beauty is surely expelled, however, a certain sombreness and severity may afford a partial impression of greatness. Stand before the *Newport* at the Lotus Club (hung in so close a proximity to an example of that somewhat analogous but far firmer and sturdier painter, Winslow Homer), and ask yourself if something—I care not one whit how indefinable, how infinitesimal that something be—does not offend your sense of the fitness of things, does not intrude a barely perceptible but none the less potent insinuation of discrepancy upon you. And the answer will be found, I think, in the incompatibility of the colour scheme and the handling of the paint with so big a conception of low tides, a lank, surly shore and the salt smack of the marshes. I would call particular attention to *The Sun Worshippers* as an example of that curious and irreconcilable combination we find in Martin of a so great greatness, a so deplorable deficiency. Writing of this picture, a critic of American painting has this to say: "The reproduction fails to suggest adequately the golden glory of the evening sky and the softness of the silhouette of the brownish trees. Hence it missed somewhat the suggestion of the original, as of time-tried creatures, warped by fate, bending in adoration and supplication before the majesty of the universal." Opinions differ, do they not? I am not alone in finding this picture distinctly unpleasant, I had almost said offensive. I am not alone in seeing no beauty in a colour scheme blatant rather than beautiful, and I can find no loveliness whatsoever in these clumsily deformed trees. There is a kind of beauty—perverted beauty, if you will—inherent in a characteristic ugliness (the older masters instinctively divined this secret), but it must be ugliness dexterously dominated by technical efficiency. In Martin we find the ugliness, but we do not often find the technical efficiency. I cannot think, at the moment, of an instance in Martin where he copes successfully with that most difficult problem of the landscape painter, the adroitly beautiful handling of the complicated anatomy of trees. The famous picture up at the Metropolitan, *View on the Seine* or *The Harp of the Wind,* as it was originally named, supplies us with an example of this chronic incapacity. It is perhaps Martin's finest picture (the *Westchester Hills* I do not know), and I am second to none in my admiration of its fluent if somewhat too mellifluous quality of paint and simulation of atmospheric vitality, but I nevertheless cannot persuade myself that either its colour scheme or the draughtsmanship it exhibits is of that kind of impeccable and ultimate assurance that we find in the work of Homer, Inness and Murphy. From the human standpoint I would rather pin my faith to Martin than to any painter this country has produced; for the evidence would seem to indicate the possession on his part of a degree of gracious cultivation, both intellectual and spiritual, that is mostly lacking in the practitioners of the art of painting. What their associates and biographers mistake for cultivation is usually merely a kind of clairvoyant shrewdness of the

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senses, an aboriginal acuteness, a rough poetry, a sort of unsophistication, absolutely essential, no doubt, to the painting of landscape, but somewhat monotonous socially. Curiously enough, some of the greatest artists the world has ever known have been ignoramuses. (Why does Nature choose such incongruous mediums for the transferrence, hint by hint, of her miraculous beauty?) Whistler seems to have been the most successful instance of an artist that lived charmingly and painted charmingly. In some ways, perhaps the noblest, richest temperament in American painting, Martin progressed from the parochial simplicities, the earnest, reproductive fidelities of the Hudson River School into a cosmopolitanism of vision eminently fine, if not with the highest kind of fineness, yet commendably so. Under the delicately quickening influences of the French environment (at a time when the dominant tendency of modern landscape in the direction of higher, keener perceptions of light was projecting itself into the consciousness of every artist), Martin developed from the painter of the banal and archaic vulgarities of *On the Hudson* to a painter of creamy skies and golden, opalescent sands, delicious often from the sheer copiousness of the paint, if unconvincing somewhat. There is the word I have been seeking—unconvincing, the thing the superlative artist never, never is. Martin's conception of things (tremendous!) and his ability to consummate his conception remained (tragically, for all we know) irreconcilable.

I have always considered it expedient to study a man's art in the light of the concrete facts of his life. To the High Priests of Art for Art's sake this will, no doubt, subject me to criticism. I am convinced, however, that a man's art is part and parcel of the events of his physical existence, warp and woof, so to speak, of quotidian cares, infirmities and disadvantages. I am often tempted to believe that Wyant's art was the inevitable reflex of a strength depleted by early privation and hardships. I remember once hearing George Bellows refer to him as the most over-rated reputation in American painting. I agree with this estimate, but I do so full of pity for the primitive fineness of feeling inherent in Wyant's work. My attitude toward him is similar to my attitude toward MacDowell. Both men apparently possessed a keen kind of sensitiveness, a reticent, delicate kind, and both men suffered, no doubt, from an unresponsive environment. (The old, sad story!) Wyant in his later years, so I am told, was infirm mentally. An instinctive sensitiveness imagines the rebuffs he must have encountered, the lonely hurt of desires unsatisfied, of desires never to be realised. But affection is for the man; as artist, both men fall short of that superior force, that cogency of appeal characteristic of the superlative achievement. We are likely to be overlenient in our appraisal of their sheerly artistic values. A water-colour of Wyant's is as satisfying, to all intents and purposes, as one of his oils. A black and white would have served the purpose equally well. We are fascinated by Wyant's point of view as we remember it in our consciousness, but we are unsatisfied by it when he presents it to us on canvas. The reticence of his colour scheme and compositional sense does not seem, as in the case of Corot, to be the result of temperamental continence and conscious selection, rather do we suspect it to be the result of an inherent incapacity. The least ample and sumptuous of American landscape painters, we are likely in our preoccupation with his "tender lyricism" (that stereotyped phrase so often applied to him) to

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overlook the essential weakness of his composition, the essential unprogressiveness of his art. He is to be commended for having extricated himself from the influence of that highly artificial painter, Diaz (who seems most to have influenced him), but we do not observe in his record that metamorphosis into a memorable and distinctive uniqueness that we observe in Inness, Murphy and Weir. It is certain that he is held by significant critics of painting in less high esteem than any other American painter of his generation, and it is possible that his prices have touched inflated levels. Personally, I should not be surprised to find that Time will deal less favourably with him than with Martin possibly, with Blakelock certainly.

For we find in this latter painter a wealth of executive ability which, in so far as I know, has been insufficiently estimated. I myself do not care for the kind of painting he offers us, but that is beside the point. When, on the night of the Lambert sale, Mr. Thomas Kirby, auctioneer of the American Art Association, referred to his famous *Moonlight* as the "finest work ever done by an American artist," he said something that cannot easily be gainsaid. This picture, purchased by the Toledo Museum for twenty thousand dollars, is monumental. Again I intrude the matter of personal preference. To me the art of Blakelock is displeasing because it is an art that too exclusively subordinates nature to a pattern, a pattern of unrealities arbitrarily evolved out of egoisms often exquisitely and unfamiliarly beautiful but human never with a free, fresh beauty of living fields and pellucid streams and hospitable valleys. His art is a kind of metallic virtuosity; it has affinities with the painting of Dupré and Monticelli. And yet, remembering Blakelock as I saw him recently, I am tempted to cancel any word of disparagement I have written of his art. I had gone into the Knoedler Galleries to see the Sargent portrait of Rockefeller, and Blakelock was there, accompanied by his attendant; a physically resurrected Blakelock, but bereft of all that fire of soul that makes for genius. His expression, pathetically complaisant, his feeble little amenities of conduct seemed curiously alien to the bustling aggressiveness of his surroundings. "Like a wraith," I thought. No one paid very much attention to him; superficial attention was directed to the Sargent (although I do not suppose one person out of ten observed the incredible triviality of the work of the redoubtable Sargent). Later, some one showed me a little thing that Blakelock had recently painted, a blatant, inharmonious daub, the sort of thing one has seen on dinner cards. I am told he paints occasionally, even though his original powers are permanently impaired, paints like a ten-year-old child! A great master stricken! a living dead man! It was one of those contrasts that, as Stevenson says in his *Across the Plains*, "we count too obvious for the purposes of art."

For a great painter Blakelock undoubtedly was in an imaginative sense; greater, it may be, than any of his contemporaries. Even his opalescent dream worlds do not importune our good graces, perhaps, but they command our respect. His colour here is less hot than is usual with him, more tender, more diffused. Place him, however, in juxtaposition with Twachtman, for example, and the antithesis will throw into sharp relief the essential artificiality of his art. It is the difference between a kind of painting that need never have sought the out of doors for its inspiration, a kind of painting essentially literary in its genesis, and another kind of painting, delicate to the point of evanescence, risen out of nature like a mist over a field. At

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first sight the juxtaposition of two so diametrically opposite kinds of painting may appear discrepant, but to compare them is not to place the one above the other in the sense of ultimate value, but merely to direct attention to the dominant attribute of the modern point of view—namely, its preponderating predilection for a light, high colour scale and a more delicate handling of colour as opposed to the thick, dark, pasty consistency of paint characteristic of older methods. To compare is not, of necessity, to disparage, and there will, no doubt, always be a place in art for the glazings and varnishings and heavy layings on of pigment characteristic of the work of Ryder, Fuller and Blakelock. Nor must we fall into the easy error of assuming that all older painting conformed to the one manner, and that all modern painting conforms to another. This, of course, is manifestly untrue. As we look over the history of art we realise that art is as much a reversion as it is an evolution. The bane of art criticism is hard and fast rules; art is a matter of individualities, not of systems, and the painter of to-day may find it essential to the fulfilment of a perfect self-expression to express himself in a manner manifestly antithetical to the aggregate manifestations of his age. There are pictures of Corot, for example, that have anticipated all that contemporary landscape has accomplished toward that appearance of evocation, of apparitional evanescence that we see in the finest examples of Inness, Murphy and Weir. I have in mind many a Corot in which there seems to be no tangible laying on of paint; the effect is comparable only to the tremulous imponderability of breath receding from silver surfaces, pictures in which we seem to see impermanence perpetuated. To me, personally, I find that I cannot enjoy the out of doors painted as I would ask that a still-life or an interior be painted, and that is, precisely, what Blakelock does and what Twachtman does not do. Paint may be put on copiously, fluently, and yet give an impression of radiant, luminous, vibrant aliveness (the later Manet, for instance), and it may be put on too thinly and result in an impression of downright penuriousness (Whistler, at times, and, in particular, the portrait painter John W. Alexander). To my taste the supreme satisfaction is derived from a middle course wherein a superb and inspirational equilibrium is achieved. In the most proficient examples of Inness, Murphy and Weir, you are not conscious of paint. Beauty has accomplished a miraculous emancipation from substance, and no one element that has gone to make up the finished picture intrudes at the expense of the whole. The majority of Twachtman's later canvases err through their very excess of delicacy. Where we should like to perceive an ultimate refining of colour, we perceive, instead, a scant, ill-nourished canvas, Twachtman's art fails in its sum-total to command the recognition that its individual efforts entitle it to. The general impression one gets of it is of a too tenuous, too fragile beauty. Perhaps the most aristocratic temperament in American painting (less robustly so than Martin, less fantastically so than Blakelock), Twachtman echoed in this country that quivering something of acute and recondite sensibility that we feel to be the peculiar, esoteric projection of the art of Whistler. I am inclined to suspect from unsubstantial data that Twachtman laboured under difficulties of an emotional and pathological nature. However this may be, his is one of the rare, unique notes in our painting. When he has successfully achieved (as, for instance, the exquisite *Snow Bound* exhibited in the season of 1917 at the Montross

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Galleries, and purchased from Mr. Montross by the Friends of American Painting for the permanent collection of the Chicago Art Institute), he is, perhaps, far more a new impulse than Ryder or Fuller, I had almost said Martin and Wyant. Here, Twachtman surprises us with the full import of what elsewhere he hints at only. It is a catch phrase of criticism to say that Twachtman paints the "soul" of nature. Only the God of us all, the God of "things as they are" knows the soul of nature. Twachtman merely does what every artist does; he paints the reactions to nature of his particular temperament, but in this case his temperament happened to be an exquisitely sharpened nervous system, saved from facile adulterations by the chastity inherent in earnestness of purpose. His predilection for a peculiarly meagre, thin, pinched aspect of winter—a winter devoid of invigoration, of the gracious glow of sun—may be noted. It is his characteristic note. Perhaps I have erred in including him in a consideration of our dead painters, for his work hangs more appropriately with the work of Weir, Hassam and Murphy than with work of an older order. The frugal, primitive work of Fuller, the rather mechanical, unessential, artificial art of Albert Ryder (a painter famous for his less valuable paintings, and not for such a painting as the little barnyard that passed almost unnoticed in the Williams sale, its beauty obscured by the spurious prestige of the *Toilers of the Sea*), fail to supply us with so precious a personality, with so keen a sense of that valuable, indefinable something we call "being different from the rest."

It is, of course, hardly necessary for me to remark upon the obvious fact that the discriminations set down in this, perhaps, too cursory survey of the work of our older painters are merely the expressions of personal preference. George Moore has pointed out in his essay on Balzac (*Impressions and Opinions*) that criticism is more the story of the critic's soul than it is an exact science. The observation is accurate. No principle has yet been formulated by which we may infallibly judge the work of art. We detect beauty through our instincts; we appraise it only in proportion to the fineness of our spiritual development. Personally, I believe that painting, because of its inherent contradictoriness, is, of all the arts, the one most difficult to appreciate. Take the case of Fuller, for example. Reviewing the exhibit of "Deceased American Artists," held in March of 1914 at the Macbeth Gallery, that excellent critic, Royal Cortissoz, says: "George Fuller is represented, and, as always, his work has something to say to us . . . but the technical weakness which dogged him marks all three of the paintings shown." In the Ichabod T. Williams Sale, 1915, Fuller's *Romany Girl* sold for ten thousand five hundred dollars. In the Alexander C. Humphreys Sale, 1917, the same painter's *Girl with Turkeys* sold for fifteen thousand six hundred dollars. Surely this points a moral. Manet, in 1867, excluded from the Exposition Universelle, arranged a private exhibition of his works, complete up to that date, and in the sober plea prefixed to his catalogue, he disclaims the name of revolutionary. "The artist," he says, "does not say to-day, Come to see faultless works, but, Come to see works that are sincere." Now if the end of art were to be sheerly beautiful regardless of extraneous significances such as point of view and attitude of mind, there would seem to be no place for an art technically otherwise than flawless. Obviously, painting is not the disembodied abstraction so many theorists would have it; its contents and various extraneous considerations, quite apart

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from the question of technical dexterities, manifestly exert a considerable, possibly a preponderating influence upon our decisions. I say this because I believe our older painters, many of them, hold, for the present at least, their prestige from the matter of their nobility of intention and view-point. I repeat my original contention that they are often less satisfyingly beautiful than much of the work that is being done to-day. Prophecy is both futile and impertinent, but taking them at their present valuations, we are inclined to believe that their eminence is only partially ascribable to their intrinsic artistic worth. Frankly, I cannot see one-tenth the beauty in a picture such as the *Girl with Turkeys* of Fuller that I see in a seascape by Dearth or a landscape by Murphy. Values are not made and maintained in art exclusively by artistic considerations. Perhaps this ought not to be so, but the fact remains that it is so. The chief justification of the men I have so briefly summarised in these pages appears to me to exist in their manner of seeing and feeling as a virtue in itself and quite apart from any degree of technical excellence. Their common possession of an innate dignity, a noble sensitiveness would, we have no doubt, have prevented them from exercising their talents in the impudent manner so notoriously characteristic of our contemporaries. What would they have thought, I wonder, of the flagrant impertinences on view recently at the MacDowell Club (Mr. John Sloan and his pig pens, for example)! They were of an older order that approached nature with a kind of secret solemnity. To them it retained its rituals of brooding, its subtle, sensitive mysticisms, its deep, inscrutable omnipotence. Their period was a period different from ours in the quite prosaic and concrete difference of a slower rhythm to life, a less of luxury, extravagance and materialism, a more of illusion, sentiment and reverence. We shall remember them always respectfully, although we must go elsewhere for what is most representatively vital, valuable and compelling in our painting.

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: ROLLAND

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THEY are our intimates
As well as yours,
A human family
Humming fragmentary Credos
To give themselves courage
Through the wild humoresque of life.
At their side,
Yet somehow high above,
You smile sadly
Like one from Nazareth.

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OF THE MAKING OF LITERARY CRITICISM

PROFESSOR SHERMAN AGAIN AND THE FOLLETTS AND A FEW OTHER CONSIDERATIONS

EVER since man began to think, far back through the dim vistas of his geologic past, his thoughts have taken two courses, two divergent lines of development. On the one hand the exigencies of keeping alive compelled him to take thought how he should get his food, his shelter and his mate—such a thinker was the first realist; on the other hand, the development of imagination afforded man a tool by means of which he could escape from the duress of life in the spinning of fancies and ideals to charm him away from the bitter realities of a hard-won existence—such a thinker was the first romanticist. And ever since, all down through the course of human evolution and human history, this schism in man's thought has gone on its twofold way, calling him now to strenuous efforts in the conflict with nature, now to flights of imagination in his anxiety to escape from the trouble of living.

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But ever has romanticism claimed the far larger part of man's time and nerve-energy and thought, ever has he devoted his godlike capacities of memory and desire to the dreaming of dreams, the weaving of fanciful tapestries of beauty, the designing of heavenly cities and utopias. And while he built up his dream-world, while he evolved his schools of idealists, his Platos and his Kants, while he fastened his eyes upon the mysteries of the stars, his poor stumbling feet were carrying him aimlessly through his world of reality, through the stress and harshness and cruelty of Nature's realm, through the welter of the unguided savagery of his own biologic inheritance and the unguarded ruthlessness of blind social forces.

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Reformers there have been in every age—but their reforms passed with them; priests and hermits—but they left no purity; philosophers—but they did not bring happiness. They only carried man the further from the elemental conditions of his keeping himself alive. Yet the indomitable human spirit rises again and again to cast aside these futilities, to get at grips with the hostile world, to try to organise society for stability and well-being; though never has man's grasp of reality reached a fifty per cent. consumption of his energy, always has his romantic impulse maintained a claim upon the greater part of his capacities. So the Athenian Golden Age, the Roman Empire, the Renaissance in southern Europe, all stand out as peaks in Western history, for in them man's attention to the art of living rose, let us say, to a twenty-five or thirty per cent. consumption of his vitality. As for the East, hardly has it expended two per cent. of its thought in making itself at home in the world.

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But to-day the proportion between romanticism and realism bids fair to be different. The change began with the industrial revolution of the last century and the rise of the scientific spirit of inductive research. Machine technology compelled a matter-of-fact, "cause and effect" investigation into the laws of our environment, competition in the production of goods forced to the top the master of the practical difficulties and laws of nature and tended to eliminate the man of hysteria, superstition, dreams and passion. The exigencies of ma-

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chine control were bringing together at last those two divergent lines of thought, romanticism and realism; they were tending to reunite and concentrate man's mental energy in the pursuit of the mastery of the difficulties of existence, to harness that vast reservoir of power, the imagination, to the problems of living, to make man "romantic about reality."

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This scientific spirit and the machine discipline, by their very nature, were engendering a world-order of peaceful co-operation based on a socialised effort to understand and master these difficulties of living, and had there been time the process might have had a logical development. But the combination of mediævalism and high technical efficiency without the cultural practices of modern life, as it existed in Germany, was an element too unstable, a misunderstanding of the world too vast—it precipitated the process into a catastrophe. Still the result is equally sure—it is only immeasurably hastened by the grim horror of war. For the life-and-death struggle of the battle-lines is compelling under pain of extinction the application of our whole energy and imagination, our whole effort and thought, to the grasping of the forces of the material world for the achievement of power, to the co-ordination and co-operation of the energies of mankind everywhere for social solidarity and effectiveness, brotherhood and strength. The struggle is demanding the quick concentration of romanticism—imagination and desire—upon the problems of reality, it is achieving, as it were over night, the healing of that schism in man's thought that through the ages has baffled him, made his efforts futile and kept him a stranger in his own home, the world.

It is not that we would forego romanticism, that we would renounce the cultivation of the beauties of the imagination. It is that we would bring the inspiration and joy of the romantic into our daily task, that we would illuminate the generally drab paths of our humdrum work with the fire and beauty of desire, that we would pursue with a song the lure of the greatest adventure the world has to offer—the overcoming of the conditions of a hostile environment for the betterment and happiness of the race. And once we achieve the deflection of fifty-one per cent. of our mental capacity over to the world of reality, once we harness imagination to work, desire to effort, we will become irresistible, no hostile menace can stand before us, and the world will flock to our banners. Such has been the case with the world's great men—they have been eminently sane. And such will be the case with the new world-order that is upon us—the order of social co-operation under the guidance of the men of inherent power, the workers and teachers who with heart and brain and hand strive to make the world a fit dwelling-place for man—and strive to make man fit to move, dominating and like a god, in his natural home, the world.

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These thoughts have been called forth here by two recent books of literary criticism. For, as the world thinks and moves, so it finds expression in its literature—the literature of the imagination and that of criticism. Last month, under *Chronicle and Comment*, Professor Stuart P. Sherman's critical volume, *On Contemporary Literature*, was discussed at some length. Professor Sherman is that most curious of critics who, while believing that "truth is a personal and private matter," talks with fearless inconsistency of the "aim of the human organisation" and on the basis of this "truth" (whatever it may be, though we venture to say it can be neither personal nor private) affects to evaluate the work of his

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contemporaries. Professor Sherman is a shining illustration of the attempt to create values and standards in the super-real world of idealism—the only result is hopeless confusion. But enough of this—the dead past can do its burying as well to-day as in our poet's time. There is another book of literary criticism, just issued, that belongs to a different category. It is *Some Modern Novelists*, by Helen Thomas Follett and Wilson Follett. These authors see with a clear vision the trend of thought and the social changes that are in process to-day; their book is a modern book.

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Some quotations from the Folletts may be interesting. Of that world of super-reality, of romanticism and idealism, which "art" is popularly supposed to infest, and which man has painstakingly and perversely elaborated in his effort to dodge the responsibilities of being alive, these authors write:

> How can we for an instant put up with the notion of literature as simply an escape from the actual, a cloister of quiet and release? How, especially, can we find anything but a mockery in the sentimentalism that infests so much of our English literature, and nearly all of our American fiction—that sentimentalism which, as Meredith pointed out, is but the opposite face of pruriency, and which may be defined as the childish and spoiled desire to have our cake and eat it too? In this latter respect, our sentimentalism, we are a cynical people. In business, in politics, we are always droning about the need to be practical, to "face the hard facts of life"—whereas in our education, our religion, our novels and dramas and paintings, those facts are precisely what no consideration could hire us to face.
>
> All these fashions of sundering art from life are fashions of belittling both—how cynically, it takes a decade and a war like the present completely to disclose to us.

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Then, of that change in the direction of man's interest, of that growing determination to face and master the seriousness of living, as it is reflected in our modern fiction, these authors say:

> The only fiction which remains tolerable at all is that which speaks in a clear voice to some direct human needs created or re-emphasised by the war; the only standard of criticism worth raising is the sum of those very needs. Art must be, as never before, a ministry to need; criticism must be, as never before, the quick response of need ministered to, the indifferent silence of need ignored or travestied.

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And of the ideal of the art of fiction to-day:

> Among all our various actual and possible ideals, there is obviously one element in common: call it the sense of community, the social conscience, human solidarity. It is the thing that craves some form of human understanding, that will be always trying to cross or break down the innumerable barriers of race, of creed, of class, to increase the feeling of kinship among the members and groups of the human guild. It gives us our democracy, our sociology, our general disposition to abolish the misunderstandings that keep the weak degraded, the powerful haughty . . . this perception that, despite our various artifices of creed and class, we are after all a world full of creatures in the same boat, fleeing from the same storm, and certainly doomed unless we pull together.

• • •

I wish I could go on quoting from the Folletts' book. These authors have synthetic minds, a grasp of the great drifts of thought that express themselves in their various saliences through the work of the modern novelists. They have a definite standard of truth, an objective and a correct standard—the standard of human needs—by which they observe our modern fiction. Their conclusions are interesting and stimulating, although it is inevitable that some readers will disagree with some individual criticisms. *Some Modern Novelists* is a genuine contribution to the literature of criticism.

G. G. W.

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CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE

THERE are persons for whom the art of the opera (if we may call it an art) is a negligible consideration. Many musicians affect a fine scorn of this phase of music. Their attitude savours of artificiality. Opera is not and never can be the dignified medium of expression that the symphony is, but this fact should not persuade us against accepting opera as a necessary and sometimes supremely beautiful form of musical entertainment. There are not lacking critics who would accord a higher rank to Wagner's *Tristan* than to all the symphonies of Beethoven and Brahms put together. It is obvious that opera merits a serious consideration. Unfortunately, it is oversusceptible to adulterations, and it is taken advantage of by materialism and superficiality. No wonder that its gold becomes so easily tinsel, that its glowing, delightful colours wear thin and threadbare and tawdry and meretricious.

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The Chicago Opera Association has brought back to New York that indefinable something so long lacking in the operatic activities of this city—namely, charm. Presented to us though it is in a gaudy, second-rate environment, and unsupported by any of the sophisticated graces and amenities of demeanour characteristic of Metropolitan audiences, it nevertheless projects that atmosphere of romantic glamour so essential to the creating of any acute kind of enjoyment. It is precisely this kind of atmosphere that is lacking in the performances of the Metropolitan Opera House.

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All art is a question of personality. Theoretical or technical considerations alone can never satisfy us; we crave that inner ferventness of appeal, that spiritual radiance we call Genius. This impalpable, galvanic, propulsive force departed from the Metropolitan with the departure some years ago of Olive Fremstad and Arturo Toscanini. We do not find it there now in the smallest degree. By no stretch of amiable intention can it be credited to Geraldine Farrar. This woman is to the highest degree clever, but her gifts are external, they do not emanate from within. Caruso, of course, is out of the question. Ten years ago he was the greatest voice of our age. To-day he is a dramatic impertinence. Martinelli might accomplish more than he does if his surroundings tended toward earnestness of purpose. As it is, he remains crude, a logical representative of a system wherein operatic art is bared of all adornment, of all enticement, of, in a word, that so precious and necessary thing, Illusion.

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The present writer does not place the blame for this state of affairs upon the Metropolitan management; he places it upon the New York public. Mediocrity is supported in this city to so overwhelming an extent that the most virile enthusiasm succumbs to discouragement. The musical public of this city accepted the dismissal of a Fremstad, perhaps the most sheerly beautiful of all Isoldes, and listened to her successor with avidity. It accepted the departure of Toscanini, perhaps the greatest conductor that ever lived, and enthused over his successor, Bodanzky, a man of limited emotion and feeble dynamic force. It seems to possess no tenacities of judgment, no loyalties, no fine discriminations. Had it not been for the sensational success of Galli-Curci, it would probably have failed to support the Chicago Opera Association, although this or-

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ganisation possesses what the Metropolitan does not possess and has not possessed for years—a great, romantic tenor, Lucien Muratore, a man whose magnetic personality and vibrant voice effect a combination that has not been heard in this city since the departure of Jean de Reszke.

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The Chicago Opera Association has supplied us with a something we had almost despaired of securing—individual genius of a compelling, indescribably satisfying nature. The Metropolitan has, in recent years, not only failed to do this, but it has apparently made no effort to supply this city with pre-eminent personalities. The present writer is absolutely ignorant of the inside workings of the Metropolitan management. He insinuates nothing, he merely proclaims the facts as they appear on the surface. The Metropolitan's tardy re-acceptance of that authentic, exquisite artist, Olive Fremstad, cannot cancel the fact that we are indebted to the Chicago Opera Association for the revelation of the first really fine French tenor that New York has known since Saleza. The rôles of Romeo, Faust and Don Jose—the last the most appealing and poignantly picturesque rôle in all opera—have remained dormant in this city entirely because of the fact that we have had no one of sufficient histrionic grace — that inimitable something of poetic *savoir faire*—to parallel the unforgettable impersonations of the past. Muratore has done this thing; under his gracious witchery of gesture, of exquisite, symmetrical poise the past lives again. In watching him we are watching Romance, Romance come down over long centuries, and out of old strange lands and legends. His Romeo is, for the present writer, the most beautiful performance on the operatic stage of to-day.

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The writer assumes no responsibility for recording a prevalent rumour to the effect that the Metropolitan has done all it could to impede the success of the Chicago Opera Association. If this is so, it suggests a dastardly condition of affairs in the operatic activities of this city. The Chicago Opera Association possesses three artists of a quality so superior to anything possessed by the Metropolitan that no comparison is possible. Galli-Curci, the unique Mary Garden and Lucien Muratore are artists in the true sense of that much-abused word. They are artists because they fulfil the essential function of art—to vivify, to enrapture, to win us away from reality and lead us captive into the long time ago. We can think of no one at the Metropolitan capable of exerting this magic influence. We can even fancy that the Metropolitan might look upon such notions as objects for surreptitious ridicule.

C. L. B.

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

With Becoming Modesty

THIS month THE BOOKMAN appears in a slightly changed dress. We like it, many friends of the magazine who have been consulted like it too—we hope you all will like it. Indeed without exception every change that has been made was first suggested by some subscriber or friend either personally to the Editor or by mail—it has been most gratifying that so many people have shown such a really helpful interest in the development of the "new" BOOKMAN, for hardly a week goes by that we do not receive some suggestions for enlarging the usefulness of the magazine. And from all these ideas we have put into effect those that from the point of view of our immediate problems seem the most practical at the present time; other changes that have been suggested will appear later as the opportunity for their adoption presents itself, and indeed many changes have been incorporated in the past months that may have generally passed unnoticed, as they were not of the obvious character of the present innovations. We have decided to give THE BOOKMAN a new sub-title: *A Review of Books and Life*. It is the same "Bookman" that it has always been, but to call it a "Review" is more in keeping with the seriousness and dignity of its effort to interpret the books and the life of the times. The type of the text matter, too, has been changed with these same considerations in mind. This new type is known as "Bodoni," a very recent development of the printer's art, considered to be very attractive, dignified and with character, yet graceful and readable to a high degree. Not all printing establishments are equipped with Bodoni type; indeed, we know of no other magazine that has yet taken advantage of this latest achievement of typography.

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Our Study Service

Then we are beginning a most important service for the study of THE BOOKMAN in schools, colleges and clubs, which we believe also will prove of real interest and help to all our readers. This new department, appearing for convenience in the advertising section, will consist (as it does this month) of questions, suggestions and outlines based on the discussions and comments in the current issue. News items of the literary world, literary questions and current literary production, the broad problems of our modern life, the revaluation of the classics of literature and the new light upon them that it is the function of a literary magazine to furnish—all these are some of the aims and ideals of this new service to BOOKMAN readers. Indeed in our schools and study courses so often the consideration of literary themes is made so dry, so unrelated to modern interests, so foreign to the warm, human spirit of desire, of idealism, of the craving to know of life, to experience for ourselves the vagaries and the adventures through which our nature is struggling upward toward the light, that the wonder is that the interest in literature does not die of dry rot and inanition. A truly alive literary magazine must revitalise the old in the light of modern living needs, must infuse into the new the warm contact with the earth from which we all gain our vigour and our joy of living—such is the aim of our magazine and such the aim of our new study service.

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Of Practical Value

This new department, then, can be used in a most practical way. First, it will call to your particular notice the most salient features of the current number, some of which might otherwise escape your attention and which you would be very glad not to miss; it will suggest a consideration of the fundamental significance of the questions discussed in the different articles and will, we hope, interest you in the validity, or if you disagree, in the error, of the conclusions that our writers support. A careful and consistent application to the department each month will develop an interest in and an appreciation of the literary aspects of our modern life and thought, will increase one's knowledge of current literature and of what the world is thinking; and then, of course, we aim to make it of practical value in the correlation of THE BOOKMAN as a text with regular study in colleges, academies, schools and study-clubs. The department is being conducted by an experienced teacher of college English, now in editorial work and in touch with the literary world, and who has the assistance and advice of a number of professors of English at Columbia University.

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War Books "Best Sellers"

We are also adding this month, in the *Book Mart*, at the end of the magazine, a schedule of the war books and their relative sales. These books of war experiences are meeting with a demand in many instances greater than that for current fiction, so that, as an indication of the country's interest in books from the point of view of the sales market, this schedule of war book sales is at this time of fully as much value as the regular lists of "best sellers" among books of fiction. *Over the Top*, the first on the list of best selling war books, is having a sale in actual numbers probably far in excess of the first title on the list of best selling fiction, *The Major*, though how the other books on the two lists would compare in volume of sales it would be difficult to say. In this connection it should be remembered that the number of points given to each of the six "best sellers" in the two lists represents merely *relativity* of sales within each list and does not in any way indicate the actual number of volumes sold. Thus, while *Over the Top* received 283 points and *The Major* 205, this would by no means necessarily indicate that these two books were selling in the proportion of 283 to 205, nor do these points in any way furnish a clue to the *actual number* of volumes sold. On the other hand, the numbers of points *within* each list may be presumed to give a reasonable approximation of the *relative* volume of sales of the titles designated; thus, *Over the Top*, with its 283 points, may be estimated to be selling about four times as fast as *Under Fire*, the sixth and last title in the war book list, which is accredited with 69 points; and *The Major*, with its 205 points, may be estimated to be selling about three times as fast as *His Last Bow*, the last of the fiction list, with its 67 points. This list of "best sellers" among the war books will be continued as long as the public interest in them is maintained at its present high level.

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Fiction in "The Bookman"

And now that we have talked about ourselves and what we are going to do and what we are not going to do at undue length, perhaps you will think, permit us to tell you about what *somebody else* is going to do for us. We take particular pleasure in announcing the further collaboration in an editorial capacity of Mr. Edward J. O'Brien. It

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was Mr. O'Brien who conducted in THE BOOKMAN all last year the interesting experiment of *The Masque of Poets*, a series that brought out some of the best poetry of the year and some of the most interesting examples of the work of the modern schools —a series that will shortly be published in book form. Mr. O'Brien is even better known as a critic of the contemporary short story—he makes it his business to read every short story of importance published in the leading magazines and once a year to give them a rating in the Boston *Transcript* (Boston still holds its own in that hoary and venerable institution, its *Transcript*) and to analyse his conclusions for the best of the stories in THE BOOKMAN. Incidently, of the nine stories published last year in THE BOOKMAN five were included in the *Transcript* list of distinguished work. Then, Mr. O'Brien's selection of "The Best Short Stories" of the year is published every spring in a volume that reaches the astonishing sale of over fifteen thousand copies. It is in this capacity that Mr. O'Brien is to collaborate in THE BOOKMAN. We have been publishing a small department that we have called *Echoes*, composed of short stories or sketches that have been characterised more by atmosphere or tone than by the conventional plot and character form of the popular short story—reflections, "echoes" if you will, of the great world that are too delightful, too exquisite to be lost. And of course the greatest event in the world, the one to cast its shadow into every nook and cranny of life, is the war; and so it has been that our "echoes" have reflected the war, have always had the minor chord of the grim reality echoing through their strains. This department will shortly be entirely under the direction of Mr. O'Brien, and it will then be called *War Echoes*. The sketches will continue of similar character to the former "echoes," they will run between fifteen hundred and two thousand words in length; and, as a last announcement, manuscripts may be sent to THE BOOKMAN marked "for War Echoes" or they may be submitted directly to Mr. Edward J. O'Brien, South Yarmouth, Massachusetts.

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Another Conrad Preface

Joseph Conrad continues the series of prefaces that he is writing for a number of his books with one to be published in all newly printed editions of *Youth*. Mr. Conrad writes:

The three stories in this volume lay no claim to unity of artistic purpose. The only bond between them is that of the time in which they were written. They belong to the period immediately following the publication of the *Nigger of the Narcissus*, and preceding the first conception of *Nostromo*, two books which, it seems to me, stand apart and by themselves in the body of my work.

Even before appearing in book-form *Youth* was very well received. It lies on me to confess at last, and this is as good a place for it as another, that I have been all my life—all my two lives—the spoiled adopted child of Great Britain and even of the Empire; for it was Australia that gave me my first command. I break out into this declaration not because of a lurking tendency to megalomania, but, on the contrary, as a man who has no very notable illusions about himself. I follow the instincts of vainglory and humility natural to all mankind. For it can hardly be denied that it is not their own deserts that men are most proud of, but rather of their prodigious luck, of their marvellous fortune: of that in their lives for which thanks and sacrifices must be offered in the altars of the inscrutable gods.

Youth is a feat of memory. It is a record of experience. But that experience, in its facts, in its inwardness and in its outward colouring, begins and ends in myself. *Heart of Darkness* is experience too; but it is experience pushed a little (and only very little) beyond the actual facts of the case for the perfectly legitimate, I believe, purpose of bringing it home to the minds and bosoms of the readers. There it was no longer a matter of sincere colouring. It was like another art altogether. That sombre theme had to be given a sinister resonance, a tonality of its own, a continued vibration that, I hoped, would

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hang in the air and dwell on the ear after the last note had been struck.

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A Worthy Patience

Patience Worth has the commercial instinct. This curious intelligence, whether discarnate spirit, as her sponsors would have us believe, or the subconscious mind of her medium," must have observed from its lofty eminence that the marketability of its last book, *A Sorry Tale,* was seriously impaired by the archaic dialects in which it was written. It might have been a good story, but few people would have the perseverance to wade through the mass of verbiage in which it was buried, and as a result its sale was small and was due more to curiosity probably than to actual enjoyment of the book. At any rate, a new book by Patience is announced for publication in March, and in this work, the advance notice says, she has adopted "standard English of the present day"—it will be most interesting to learn just what "standard English" is to-day—and it will also be free from "grammatical irregularities." Judging from this advance statement, issued by the publishers, this will indeed be a most remarkable book, and from its promise it might even prove available as a first reader in our "pure English" courses in the schools. Its title will be *Hope Trueblood* and the story is "relatively modern in its time, which is about the middle of the nineteenth century"—relatively modern indeed when one considers the unique and almost geological past with which Patience is accredited. And the book is also said to be a "mid-Victorian novel by a pre-Victorian writer"—though why an intelligence that has experienced and observed the life of every brilliant epoch in human history should select the drab mid-Victorian period to write about is a mystery whose solution can only be known in the topsy-turvy world of spirits. Patience must be very patient.

• • •

Sanity in Spiritualism

But in a more serious vein, we must all recognise the very great interest in spiritualism. In England, so many of whose sons have accepted the supreme sacrifice, the demand for a sure knowledge and a sane comfort by those who remain behind is both natural, beautiful, and to the observer one of the striking features of conditions there. Possibly many of you will remember Mr. Robert Mountsier's article in the January BOOKMAN, *Spiritism in England,* which depicted, in a striking way, this pathetic demand, or rather clamour, for comfort and knowledge. And, by the way, this article was declined by one of the leading general magazines because of its implied criticism of established religion; it then came to THE BOOKMAN and, so far, the Editor has heard only praise and keen appreciation of Mr. Mountsier's sympathetic and unbiased presentation. We wonder if many BOOKMAN readers enjoyed it as we did. But this paragraph was started to recommend a book. It is a book on spiritualism—sane, unprejudiced, scientific in its attitude, a rather complete résumé of the subject giving the most important evidence so far obtained, the possible hypotheses, the religious and philosophical conclusions that may be drawn. The book is *On the Threshold of the Unseen,* by Sir William F. Barrett, professor of Experimental Physics in the Royal College of Science for Ireland from 1873 to 1910 and one of the founders of the Psychical Research Society in 1882. This book is the most complete, the most satisfactory and the most reasonable that has come to our attention, and it is a pleasure to recommend it to those interested in its subject. It has just been issued in this country.

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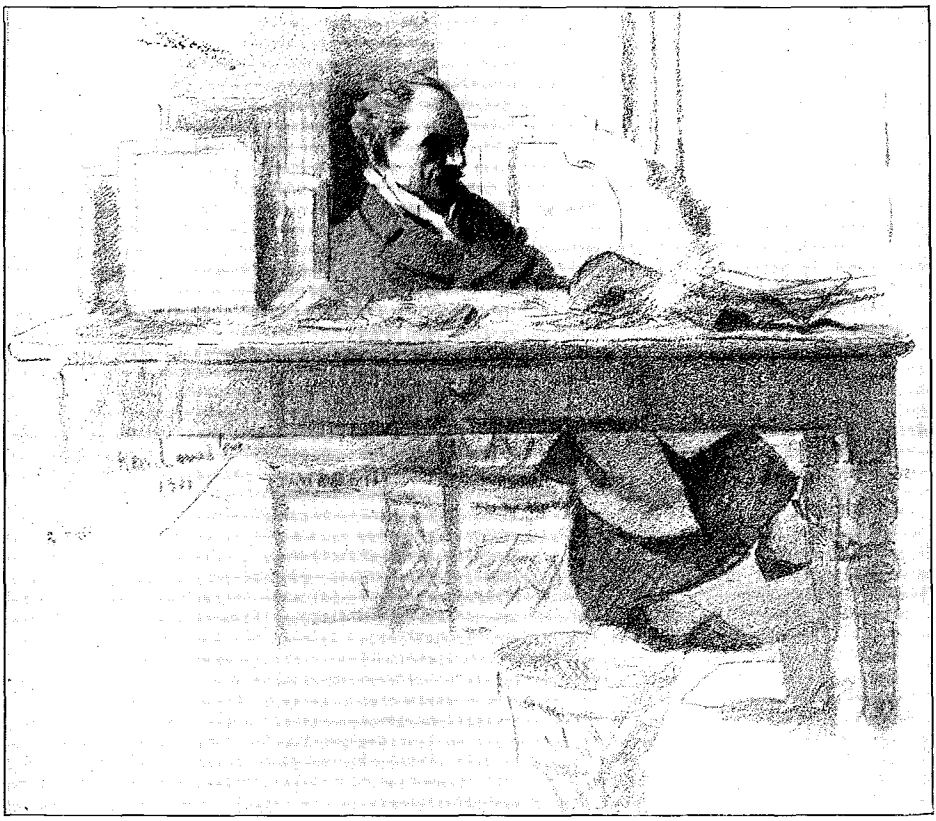

MAURICE HEWLETT. HIS LATEST BOOK IS "GUDRID, THE FAIR," A NORSE LOVE STORY, BASED ON TWO ANCIENT SAGAS WHICH TELL OF THE FIRST EXPLORATION OF AMERICA

That Guest-Room Shelf

Last month we printed a list of books for a guest-room shelf selected by Mr. Christopher Morley, the poet and member of the editorial staff of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Mr. Morley rather arbitrarily laid down the conditions that your guests must be of the male sex and have the habit of reading in bed. There must likewise be a reading lamp by the bed and a bookshelf. As a result of THE BOOKMAN'S invitation for further lists Mr. Harold Crawford Stearns, of Dunkirk, New York, sends us the following letter:

Christopher Morley's list of books for a guest-room shelf interested me deeply, and I am sending you one of my own—not that I should not be satisfied to snuggle down in bed with any of the volumes he has named.

Now then: *Romany Rye* and *Lavengro*, by Borrow; *The Fall of the House of Usher*, by Poe; *The Red Badge of Courage*, by Crane; *Huckleberry Finn;* Browning's *Dramatic Lyrics* and *Romances;* Doyle's *The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes* and *The Adventures of Gerard; Bob, Son of Battle; Gulliver's Travels;* Carlyle's *Heroes and Hero-Worship; Tom Jones*, by Fielding; *The Prisoner of Zenda*, by Hope; *The Letters of Horace Walpole* and *The Letters of Madame D'Arblay; She*, by Haggard; *Essays of Elia; Westward Ho!; The Beloved Vagabond*, by Locke; *The Poems of François Villon; The Mill on the Floss; Wuthering Heights; The*

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LUCIEN MURATORE, OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY, IN "CARMEN." HIS "MAGNETIC PERSONALITY AND VIBRANT VOICE EFFECT, A COMBINATION THAT HAS NOT BEEN HEARD IN THIS CITY SINCE THE DEPARTURE OF JEAN DE RESZKE," ACCORDING TO THE ARTICLE "CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE," IN THIS ISSUE

Three Musketeers; The Canterbury Tales; Lorna Doone, by Blackmore; Kipling's *Ballads* and *Barrack-Room Ballads; The Bible;* Shaw's *The Shewing-Up of Blanco Posnet; If Youth But Knew,* by A. and E. Castle, and *The Oxford Book of English Verse.*

If you won't think I am trying to cut in on Carolyn Wells or "F. P. A.," I would like to point out that Wilkie Collins's novel is *The Woman in White,* and not *The Lady.*

Harold C. Stearns.

There is only one duplication, one title appearing in both Mr. Morley's and Mr. Stearns's lists—*The Bible.* Mr. Morley put this book at the end of his list and Mr. Stearns places it fourth from the end; both lists are confined to approximately thirty volumes. Compare the two lists and see if your taste agrees with either selection for your own guest-room shelf; if not, will you not write and tell us what your choice would be? We should be particularly glad to hear from some of our readers of the, dare we call it so, gentler sex. Surely some of our more aggressively inclined feminists will not allow Christopher Morley and his friends to dis-

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pose of the world's guest-room exclusively for mere men!

To be sure Wilkie Collins's novel is *The Woman in White* and not the "Lady." That was a very careless slip on our part, but we wonder whether Mr. Morley himself is not the original trespasser.

• • •

Mr. Augustine Birrell one time wrote an essay called *Our Rapid Age* *Is it Possible to Tell a Good Book from a Bad One?* Be that as it may, the recent catalogue of Meredith Janvier, dealer in portraits, prints, and "collector's volumes, and who runs a quaint, delightful bookshop in Baltimore, suggests in one of its items the question "Is It Possible to Tell a New Book from an Old One?" as one finds listed in this catalogue the "first edition," "bds., uncut," of Christopher Morley's *Songs for a Little House*, a book of verse published quite within the memory of man, last year in fact. Mr. Janvier informs his clientele of bibliophiles that this book is one "for the wing chair at

AMELITA GALLI-CURCI, OF THE CHICAGO OPERA COMPANY, IN MEYERBEER'S "DINORAH," THE OPERA SHE CHOSE AS HER INTRODUCTION TO A NEW YORK AUDIENCE. SHE IS THE "SENSATIONAL SUCCESS" OF THE MUSIC WORLD, ACCORDING TO THE PAPER IN THIS ISSUE, "CHICAGO'S OPERATIC DRIVE"

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the hour when dusk and darkness fall. A book to read before and after dinner, supper and breakfast, if one would help along his good digestion."

CAPTAIN ALAN BOTT, M.C., OF THE ROYAL FLYING CORPS, AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY OF THE CLOUDS." A VETERAN AIR-MAN OF TWENTY-FOUR

A Librarian Rampant

"We must fight the thought, the philosophy back of this war, if we are to win," says Miss Nellie M. Russ, the librarian of the Pasadena Public Library, in an interview in the Pasadena *Star-News*. "I recently began a thorough weeding-out, with the result that all books printed in German have been removed, and all modern German philosophy, even including Nietzsche and Treitschke, which many libraries retain. Some three hundred books have been set aside for the term of the war—perhaps longer, and others are being added as fast as they are returned. These books are not only withdrawn from the open shelves, they are interned, where they are absolutely inaccessible and will remain so." No one could question the wisdom of removing books of recent pro-German propaganda from general circulation; but to make them "absolutely inaccessible," even to students, journalists, historians, and preachers of patriotic sermons, and to add to the small list of such books which a library of the size of Pasadena's might have acquired the works of such world-figures as Nietzsche and Treitschke and volumes of entirely innocent general literature to the number of three hundred, and to hint that this proscription may be continued after the war, is an act of hysterical piety which would not be endured for a single day by any community in which the spirit of democracy was alert.

• • •

The Camel Enters

Is the moral and intellectual fibre of the citizens of Pasadena so poor that the chance discovery in a German book that Germany was not entirely devoid of all the virtues would lessen their efforts to win the war? or have the love of democracy and the instinct of human kindness grown so weak in them that the mere reading of Treitschke and Nietzsche could convert them to Prussianism and brutality? or have they so completely lost their belief in the power of truth and in freedom of thought that they are ready to fight a philosophy by trying to suppress it? or have they exalted war to such an extent that everything German is to be placed under a tribal taboo?—if any or all of these explanations are true Pasadena has sunk into a parlous state and ought to be investigated for the good of the nation. If the camel of conservatism once gets his cold, suspicious nose well under the public library tent it may be difficult to pre-

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vent him from following it with his whole ungainly body—and the public library is a tent in one of democracy's outposts. But perhaps Pasadena is only trying to supply her tourists with that quaint, mediæval flavour so dear to the tourist heart, but formerly obtainable only in Europe.

• • •

This Tree Would Not Flourish in Heaven

May Sinclair's new book, *The Tree of Heaven*, has been well spoken of by the "authorities." We found it stupid. It bored us. To be sure, it is a carefully thought-out study of a phase of the social revolution that was proceeding before the war and is now brought to a crisis by the catastrophe—the renaissance of the human spirit in the Younger Generation, the questioning of institutions, the demand for liberty, the desire for sanity in the ways of living, and of course, the conflict with the Elders whose interest is in maintaining the established folkways; then comes the war and the Young Ones come into their own, while the pressure of circumstance is so great as to break down their resistance and the Elders accept the new order. It is an interesting theme, much is being written about it—perhaps it is the big theme for novelists to-day. But it deals with a situation that is full of promise; we all know that the world is wrong, that society is upside down, that the masses thrust upward apace—but we mean to do something about it, we mean to set ourselves right side up, we see through the gloom of war the promise of better things. Miss Sinclair sees no Promise, she feels the oppression of destiny, she depresses her readers. Wells writes of the same changing order, but the emphasis of his interest is upon the desire of men for betterment and upon the hope of the future; Miss Sinclair sees no hope and feels no desire. If

MAY SINCLAIR. HER LATEST BOOK, "THE TREE OF HEAVEN," IS A STUDY OF WAR'S EFFECT UPON ENGLISH LIFE

she only had a little humour, a little brilliance, a little optimism to illumine her realism—but, as Rupert Hughes would say, we can't have everything.

• • •

"London Lamps"

Since the appearance of *Limehouse Nights* the reading world has recognised in its author, Thomas Burke, a new literary planet. These stories, appearing in book form last fall, have the keen tang of reality infused with the primitive desires of the human heart that appeal to our ever-fresh sentiment for high adventure; nothing like them has been written since, in his early days, Kipling sang of the passionate

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East. A limited edition of Burke's *London Lamps* has just been issued—songs that may not ineptly be called poetic versions of his stories in *Limehouse Nights.* A few of these verses originally appeared as chapter headings in Mr. Burke's earlier volume, *Nights in London,* and as the title suggests, they each deal with some aspect of London's ever-changing personality. Before quoting from *London Lamps*—we must give our readers a few verses simply to arouse their desire for more—let us announce that a new volume of Mr. Burke's will shortly be issued under the title, *Twinkletoes,* a novel of a Limehouse dancer in which many of the characters of *Limehouse Nights* will reappear. Now for the verses from *London Lamps*:

CITY DUSK

The day dies in a wrath of cloud,
  Flecking her roofs with pallid rain,
And dies its music, harsh and loud,
  Struck from the tiresome strings of pain.

Her highways leap to festal bloom,
  And swallow-swift the traffic skims
O'er sudden shoals of light and gloom,
  Made lovelier where the distance dims.

Robed by her tiring-maid, the dusk,
  The town lies in a silvered bower,
As, from a miserable husk,
  The lily robes herself with flower.

And all her tangled streets are gay,
  And all her rudenesses are gone;
For, howso pitiless the day,
  The evening brings delight alone.

And one more little poem that must be quoted:

THE LAMPLIT HOUR

Dusk—and the lights of home
  Smile through the rain:
A thousand smiles for those that come
  Homeward again.

What though the night be drear
  With gloom and cold,
So that there be one voice to hear,
  One hand to hold?

Here, by the winter fire,
  Life is our own;
Here, out of murk and mire,
  Here is our throne.

Then let the wide world throng
  To pomps and powers,
And leave us with the love and song
  Of lamplit hours.

• • •

O. Henry in the Trenches

Frank A. Lewis, who has served in the American Field Ambulance abroad, writes to the *Publishers' Weekly* something about the need for books in the trenches:

For several weeks no reading matter could be located in the section to which I was attached. Finally, one of the boys received a copy of O. Henry's *Options* in a package from home, and an hour of insane jubilation ensued. The book was seized by indelicate hands and torn into segments, each part representing a story. The pages of each story were pinned together. The original owner of the volume was selected to serve as Section Librarian. We pored over those stories until the printing actually wore off the pages. When *The Head Hunter* came to me for the seventh time, the only thing I could be sure of was the title. But I didn't need to re-read it. I could have told that tale almost by rote.

Just to show you what we thought of books, Brentano's Paris store was the second place we visited on our first leave from the front—the first was a restaurant.

• • •

Japanese Colour Prints

Collecting is one of the "natural lines of defence" of the confirmed amateur, and he has made a brave stand there, but the spirit of intelligence has been invading this realm as relentlessly as it has every other, and the result has undoubtedly been a greater pleasure for the collector who has been willing to yield. Mr. Basil Stewart has now come forward with a little book *On Collecting Japanese Color-Prints* to clear up a subject which the amateur has always found rather obscure. He tells what prints are most worth acquiring and why, which ones should be avoided, and how to

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ISHIYAMA TEMPLE, BY THE SHORE OF LAKE BIWA; FROM THE "SIXTY-ODD PROVINCES" SERIES (FIRST EDITION). FROM "ON COLLECTING JAPANESE COLOUR PRINTS," BY BASIL STEWART

detect counterfeits and reprints, and gives some hint as to the prices which should be paid. He gives a short history of the art, describes the process by which prints were made, analyses the work of the most important men of the school, and interprets the puzzling characters that are scattered so promiscuously across the surface of their productions. It bridges very competently the gap between complete ignorance of the subject and the advanced works which make up its existing literature. Mr. Stewart quotes with approval the passage in the will of Edmond de Goncourt in which he disposes of the treasures that he has collected during his lifetime: "My wish is that my prints, my curios, my books—in a word those things of art which have been the joy of my life—shall not be consigned to the cold tomb of a museum . . . ; but

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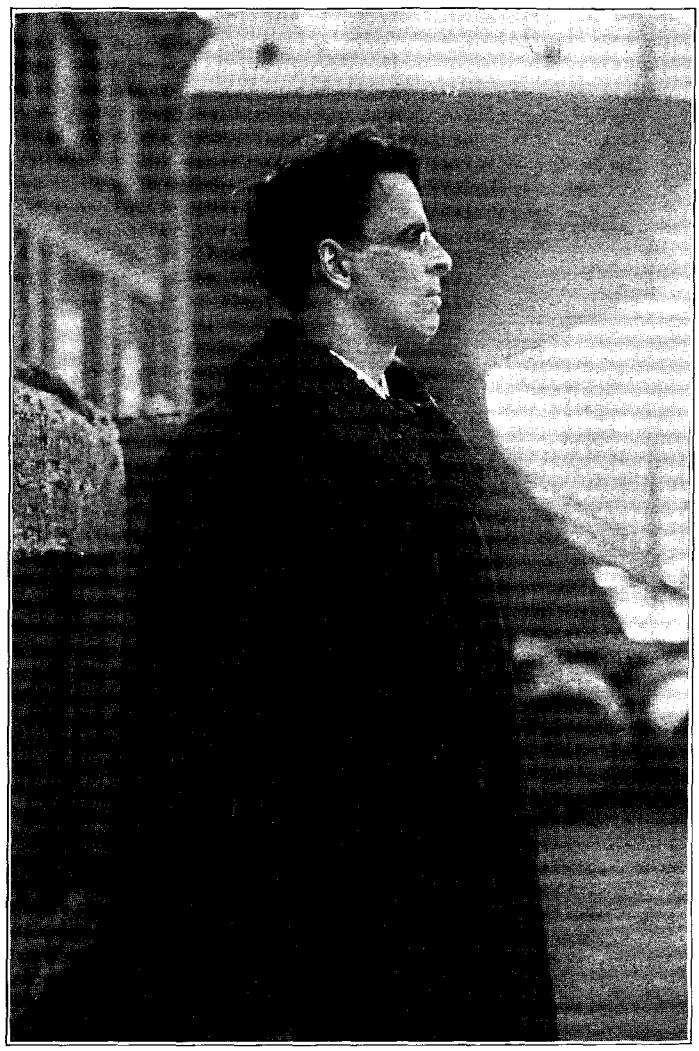

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS. IN HIS ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE, PROFESSOR PHELPS SAYS YEATS "HAS DONE MORE FOR ENGLISH POETRY THAN ANY OTHER IRISHMAN, FOR HE IS THE GREATEST POET IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE THAT IRELAND HAS EVER PRODUCED." A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PORTRAIT

I require that they shall all be dispersed under the hammer of the auctioneer, so that the pleasure which their acquisition has given me shall be given again . . . to some inheritor of my own taste." A notion that is contrary to the modern spirit, but, for all that, not without its charm.

Hugh Gibson's book, *A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium,* now in its fifth printing, has been translated into French and will soon have publication by one of the large Parisian publishing houses. Negotiations are also under way for a Spanish translation of this same volume.

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Dora S. Shorter, Irish Poet

Word has just come of the death of Dora Sigerson Shorter, whose name is associated with the earlier days of the attempt to bring into English literature some of the colour and picturesqueness that is found in the Gaelic literature of Ireland. Mrs. Shorter was born in Dublin, the daughter of Dr. George Sigerson, who is remembered for his *Bards of the Gael and the Gall,* translations into the original metres of poems from the Irish. Dora Sigerson's work shows greater lyric gift than that of her father, and, at the same time, a desire to draw on the folk-lore of her country. She has, therefore, left behind her many ballads and lyrics which breathe the spirit of Ireland. To her *Collected Poems,* published in 1907, George Meredith contributed an Introduction, praising the poet's skill in metrical narrative. Mrs. Shorter had a command of technique, and that feeling for connotation essential in a ballad writer; while her sense of the supernatural enhances the weirdness of her ballads.

In the lyric, Mrs. Shorter was likewise distinguished: her poem, *Ireland,* found a well-deserved place in the *Oxford Book of English Verse,* as one of the most moving tributes to the poet's native land. Her powerful *Vagrant Heart* is of particular interest to-day, when women in England have won the vote. There will be a shadow across many an Irish heart for the passing of Dora Sigerson Shorter.

When I shall rise, and full of many fears,
Set forth upon my last long journey, lone,
And leave behind the circling earth to go
Amongst the countless stars to seek God's throne.

When in the vapourish blue I wander, lost,
Let some fair paradise reward my eyes—
Hill after hill, and green and sunny vale,
As I have known beneath the Irish skies.

The Life of Leon Trotzky

Foreign Minister Trotzky, of the government that prevails in Russia at the moment of going to press, gave the following sketch of his life in a conversation with some of his friends a week or so before leaving New York to return to Russia:

I was born thirty-eight years ago in a little Jewish colony in southern Russia, in the government of Kherson. When about fourteen years of age I entered the gymnasium of Chernigov, and like most of the impressionable youth of Russia soon became interested in the revolutionary movements. Here in America school boys seem to spend most of their time in sports, baseball and football. In Russia, the boys—and the girls too, for that matter—use their leisure for reading books like Buckle's *History of Civilization,* Marx's *Capital,* Kautsky's *The Social Revolution,* and our own great classics that throb with the passion of revolt. Our pastime is chiefly attending underground Socialist meetings and spreading the propaganda among workingmen in the city and peasants in the country.

I was no exception to the rule. The revolutionary cause gripped me early in life and has never relaxed its hold. There was indeed a great deal of work to do. When I was little more than twenty years old, the Russian Revolution blazed up into a mighty flame. Most of the young people of Russia with any education were enlisted in the fight against the unspeakable Czaristic system, determined to put an end to the wrongs it inflicted upon the long-suffering Russian people.

My university education was interrupted, for I soon plunged deep in the work of propaganda, which left no time for anything else. I continued, however, to apply myself to the study of sociology, political economy and history and soon became a convinced Marxian Socialist. When the Russian Social Democracy split up into two sections on the issue of tactics I did not identify myself with either the Mensheviki or the Bolsheviki, but continued to work for the general cause, for the overthrow of Czarism and the cause of Socialism. Since the division in the Party was not based on fundamentals, but only on a difference of opinion as to the method to be applied in gaining the same ends, I used all my efforts to effect a reconciliation between the two wings. However, I leaned strongly to the radical side. In other words, I was a Menshevik of the extreme left, or a near-Bolshevik.

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My ability as a speaker and as a writer soon drew me into the very centre of Socialist activity. I wrote for the party press, composed pamphlets, and carried on personal propaganda chiefly among the city populations.

Naturally, I did not escape the general fate of Russian Revolutionists. I was arrested and imprisoned, and as I did not give up my work for the cause after my release I became what the Russian authorities called an "illegal" person, and had to live under an assumed name. My first jailer was called Trotzky, and the idea occurred to me to take his name.

When the Revolution broke out in full force in 1905 I was made president of the first Soldiers' and Workingmen's Council in Petrograd to succeed the first incumbent to that position. I remained president until the defeat of the Revolution, when I was arrested and sent to imprisonment and exile in Siberia. From there I succeeded in making my escape, and went to live in Switzerland.

In Switzerland I founded a Socialist paper called *Prada* (The Truth), which was published both in Russian and in German. I also established an international news service for the dissemination of truthful news of current political and revolutionary events in Russia.

In 1910 I went to Germany, where my revolutionary activity incurred the displeasure of the Prussian authorities. I was arrested and sentenced to imprisonment, but escaped. Three days before the outbreak of the present war found me in Vienna. On the advice of Dr. Adler, the Austrian Socialist leader, I left Austria-Hungary, and was in Servia when that country was invaded by the Austro-Hungarian troops, and was present at the Servian parliament, the Kuptchina, when the vote for the first war credits was taken.

I returned to Switzerland, and was later summoned to Paris to edit the Russian Socialist paper there. When a Russian division of troops mutinied and killed the general, I addressed a severe letter of criticism of the French Government to Jules Guesde, a Socialist member of the cabinet, for the savage punishment that was meted out to the Russian troops. This so displeased the French Government that I was ordered out of France. I then went back to Switzerland, but Switzerland feared complications with the Czaristic government and would not let me in. I then turned to Spain. Spain would not have me either. I was detained at Barcelona, where I was to be deported to Cuba, where I knew no one, and where I should have found myself completely stranded. Later the Spanish Government decided to let me go where I pleased, provided only I left Spain. Every country in Europe practically was now closed to me, and so I turned my gaze across the Atlantic, and arrived at Ellis Island at the end of December, 1916.

Here in New York I lived with my wife and two children in three rooms in a Bronx tenement, wrote for the *Novy Mir*, the Russian Socialist daily and spoke at Socialist meetings. I do not expect my stay here to be very long, however, for a revolution is bound to break out in Russia in a short time, and as soon as that happens I shall hasten to my home country and help in the work of Russia's liberation.

My book *The Bolsheviki and World Peace* expresses in full my convictions on the world war. It is the result of wide and deep study and the programme laid down there is the only solution that I can see to the problems that confront humanity.

This personal account is particularly interesting in comparison with the illuminating estimate of Trotzky, of him and all his works, published elsewhere in this issue.

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DeMorgan's Last Novel

The late William Frend DeMorgan's last novel, *The Old Mad House*, appears to have the engaging qualities of his *Alice-for-Short* and *Somehow Good* and it is of a more comfortable length, though it will be nearly seven hundred pages when issued this spring. There is a triple romance: Fred Cartaret's with Nancy (nicknamed "Elbows," not because of any physical singularity, but because of something "cornery" about her personality); the love affair of Nancy's sister, Cintra, and Charles Snaith's romance with Lucy, a real beauty. The "DeMorganish" haunted house and mysterious disappearance are here. Fred Cartaret's uncle goes to look over a house which once had been a private lunatic asylum. The caretaker leaves him a moment, and he is never seen again. As in *Somehow Good*, there is built up for the mystery a sense of something sinister and intriguing, which pervades all the author's casualness and fidelity to life. The romance and the characters are developed within the aura

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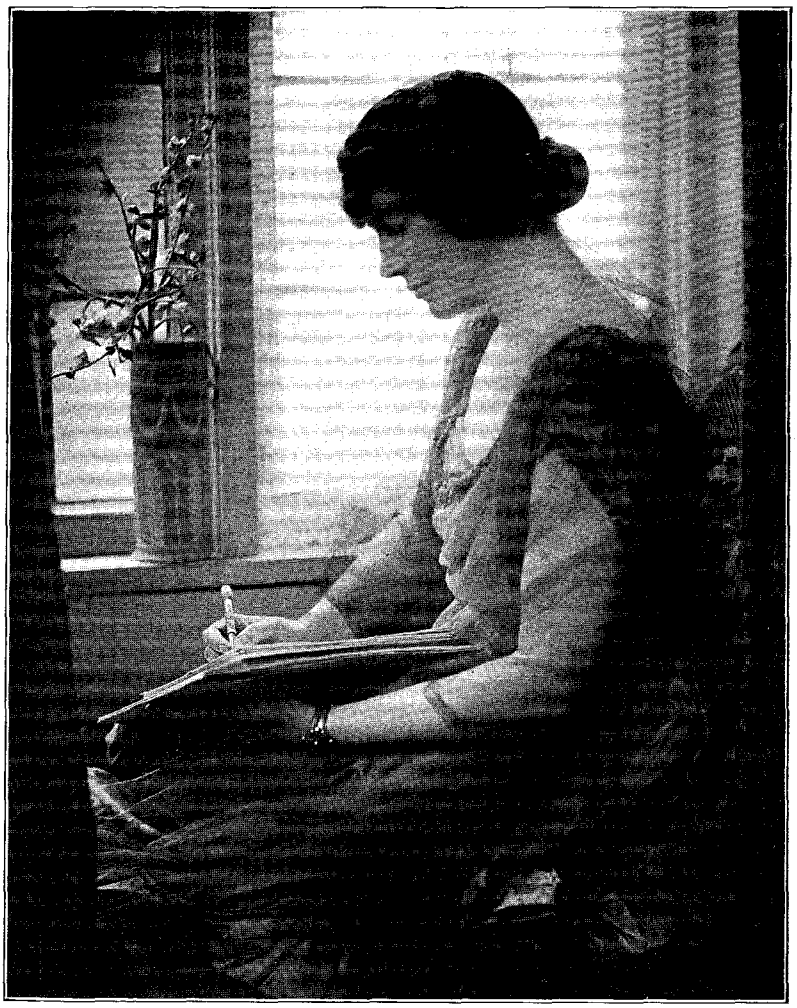

Photo by Ira L. Hill's Studio

DONA GATLIN, AUTHOR OF "THE FULL MEASURE OF DEVOTION," AND FORMERLY LITERARY EDITOR OF "THE NEW YORK SUN." OF HER BOOK CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, EDITOR OF "MC CLURE'S," WROTE, "I RECALL NO PIECE OF LITERATURE . . . THAT HAS SO BROUGHT HOME TO ME . . . WHAT THIS WAR SHALL COME TO MEAN TO THE MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF AMERICA. . . . I WISH THAT EVERYONE MIGHT READ THIS LITTLE TALE." A FURTHER DISCUSSION OF THIS STORY WILL BE MADE IN THE APRIL "BOOKMAN" BY EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

of DeMorgan's wise and kindly humour. Before his death, DeMorgan brought the manuscript to the final chapter or two, and he left Mrs. DeMorgan with some notes and a very clear idea of what he was going to do. From these, Mrs. DeMorgan completed the story.

Charles H. Caffin

Charles H. Caffin, who has just died, though he was perhaps the best known art critic in the country, was not an American by birth. He was an Englishman, a graduate of Oxford in 1876, who came to this country

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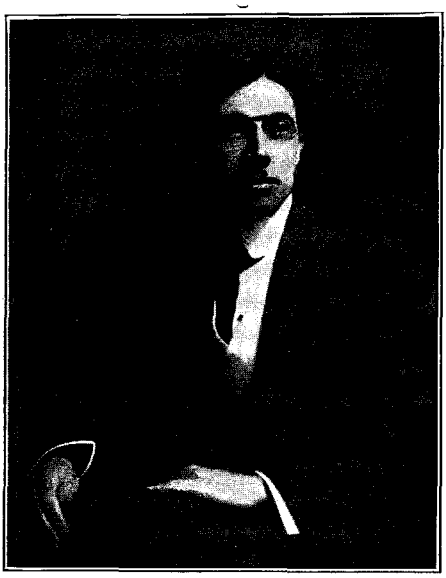
in 1892 to take part in the decorative work of the Chicago World's Fair. Subsequently he made his home in New York, where he was at various times art critic to several prominent newspapers. He was the American editor of *The International Studio*, and had been a regular lecturer at both the University of Pennsylvania and the Yale School of Fine arts. *How to Study Architecture* was his last book, published last fall; others of his works are *How to Study Pictures, The Story of French Painting, The Story of Dutch Painting, The Story of Spanish Painting.*



JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, AUTHOR OF THAT MOST SUCCESSFUL COMEDY, "WHY MARRY?"

"Why Marry?" Its Author

Apropos of Mr. Clayton Hamilton's discussion in his article in this month's issue of that most successful comedy, *Why Marry?*, a little information about its author, Jesse Lynch Williams, is in good season. Williams deserves all the success that has come to him; he has served a long and arduous apprenticeship to play-making. His success as a story writer came early; indeed it was a part of his undergraduate literary output that suggested the volume published in 1895 entitled *Princeton Stories*—a book which is still in demand. Then came his newspaper experience in New York, and from it a series of newspaper stories, the most notable of which, *The Stolen Story*, became the title of the volume. Later it was made into a play with the same title and was produced about two hundred times. It was shortened into a one-act play later and also served as the vehicle for a full-length novel entitled *The Day Dreamer*. He wrote other successful stories—*My Lost Duchess*, 1908; *The Girl and the Game*, 1908; *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*, 1910; and then in 1915 he produced a play in book form, *And So They Were Married.*

• • •

A Brilliant Comedy

Prominent stars and managers had a chance to read it in print, but at first they did not see its possibilities. One man, Roi Cooper Megrue, a successful playwright himself, had years before seen it in manuscript and tried to place it and always believed in it. When the Franklin Sargent dramatic students produced it at a matinée last spring, he was there and said it simply *had to be* put on professionally. He interested the Selwyns and the play was produced (and renamed "*Why Marry?*"), with a cast including Nat Goodwin, Estelle Winwood, Shelley Hull, Ernest Lawford, Beatrice Beckley, Lotus Robb and Edmund Breese. Everything was done beforehand to make it a success—and it succeeded—ten weeks in Chicago and then to New York. But it was not easy—the work, the revision, the perpetual thinking about it; and this revision of the dialogue by Williams counted because his work was intelligently directed. Sparkling dialogue that seems

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so spontaneous on the lips of the players has been hammered and engraved with finer strokes and destroyed and built up again, so that the result is a modern play with the best traditions of English comedy, old and new.

• • •

Poetic Arithmetic

Devoted observers of that Dial upon which the Sun (of New York) never sets read the other day upon its face these so Marquisian sentiments:

Christopher Morley says, in a piece he wrote for one of the papers, that William Rose Benet, Vachel Lindsay and the editor of the *Sun Dial* are the three best poets in the country.

Chris is a good old scout and a darned good poet himself, besides being four of the twelve best critics in America, H. L. Mencken and James Huneker being the other eight.

• • •

Irvin Cobb Achieves a Uniform

Irvin Cobb, who has just sailed for Europe to write a new series of articles and a book on war conditions, tells the following story about his acquisition of a correspondent's uniform:

Going to a military tailor he asked to be measured for something adequate to his figure and station.

"You want an American officer's uniform, I suppose?" inquired the fitter briskly.

Mr. Cobb regarded him with the restrained temper of one who has explained who he was (and is) to the British War Office three days in succession.

"I am not an American officer," corrected Mr. Cobb.

"Oh, I see," said the fitter. "Regulation British it is, sir."

Mr. Cobb hated to distress him, so he waited until the calf measurement, at full inhalation, had been noted down, whereupon he mentioned casually:

"I am not a British officer."

"Eh, what?" said the fitter, reclining on his heels. "What shall I make it, sir?"

"God knows," says Mr. Cobb, dejectedly.

The measuring proceeded. After the Sam Browne diagonal had been secured by means of trigonometry and a ball of twine, Mr. Cobb prepared to leave. The fitter seemed bewildered and somewhat depressed. Mr. Cobb had an inspiration.

"I have just been appointed a colonel on the staff of the Governor of Kentucky," he remarked, and was rewarded by an instant look of relief on the fitter's face. The atmosphere seemed to have cleared immeasurably.

"And do you know," says Mr. Cobb, "when I put that uniform on and looked at myself in the glass I looked like a Field Marshal in the Palestine Guards."

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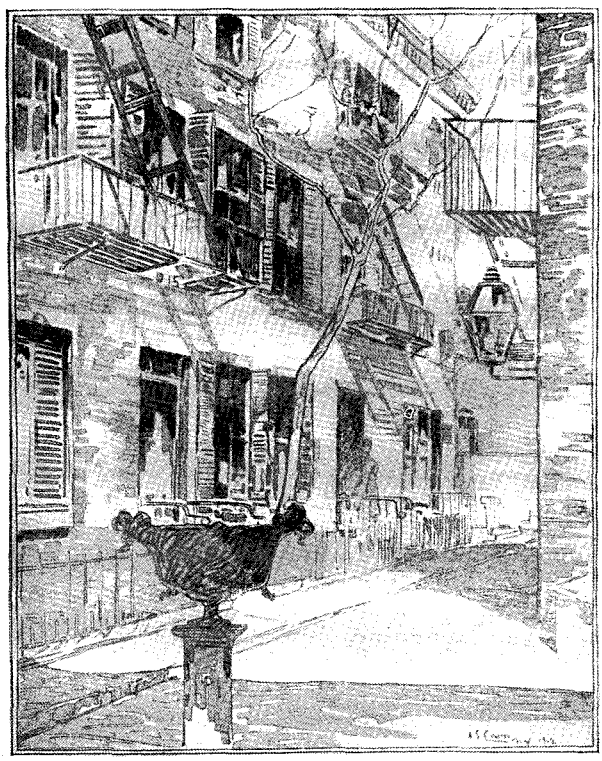
IN GREENWICH VILLAGE

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN

JUST a step,—and you're there in the old Child Land
You had thought not to retrieve;
You have lost the load of years, and stand
In the World of Make Believe;
A world of games, and glamour, and gleams,
A world that is young and gay,
A world of toys and a world of dreams,
Where grown-up children play!



MILLIGAN COURT, A TYPICAL, FRAGMENTARY SURVIVAL OF OLD GREENWICH. FROM THE DRAWING BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM FOR MISS CHAPIN'S BOOK, "GREENWICH VILLAGE"

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A GREENWICH STUDIO: CHOOSING MODELS. FROM THE DRAWING BY ALLAN GILBERT CRAM FOR MISS CHAPIN'S BOOK, "GREENWICH VILLAGE"

To one is given the sacred fire
That burns in the flame of song;
To one the passionate soul desire
To bear the world along;
Genius to some—a mighty call!—
Ambition without stay;
But the happiest gift among them all
Is *remembering how to play!*

And I wonder whether, one rose-gold day,
On the Floor that is studded with stars,
We shall sit in a ring and blithely play
With little moonlight bars?—
With baby comets, and rainbow strands,—
(While the high gods smile to see!)—
Children immortal with toys in our hands,
For the rest of Eternity!

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THE REVOLUTION ABSOLUTE

PART II. THE EPIPHANY OF POWER

BY CHARLES FERGUSON

PROEM

NOTHING in the record of mankind is more remarkable than the general assumption that goodness is naturally opposed to power—that right and might are irreconcilable. It is relevant to my purpose here to show: first, that this opposition is not natural, but factitious; second, that it had its origin in the oriental mind-sickness that has afflicted the race from immemorial times; and third, that this morbidity cannot survive the higher development of modern technology.

I

Observe first, that the contrast between virtue and power is not much felt on frontiers and in new lands. In Mr. Barrie's revealing drama called *The Admirable Crichton* there is an artistic exhibition of this truth. The efficient butler of a ship-wrecked English family, deploying in a crude and savage environment his latent resources of wisdom and valour, becomes the acknowledged head of the household. Thus, in a wilderness, natural rectitude coincides with social power. The case is different in old cities, and the playwright does not miss the clinching point of his demonstration. The family is rescued and returns to London; and there the butler's elemental dominance does not save him from social feebleness. In the last scene of the play he is presented in servile habit as of old, gliding noiselessly over the polished floors, in that hush of self-effacement which is supposed to be becoming to the good.

It would not be difficult to show by historical studies that nearly all aristocracies have gained their original differential of power by their virtues. The tradition of the *beau monde*—patrician, gentry, Samurai—begins generally with a superiority in courage, in skill with tools and arms, and in practical understanding and social sensitiveness—the feeling of the reality and importance of the common life.

But the experience of history is that this originating moral superiority of aristocracies does not last. It stifles itself in settled privilege. Thus it appears that the qualifications that preside at the origin of a ruling class are of a higher moral character than those that preserve its later power.

Ruling classes have their beginnings in pioneering or revolutionary moments when the salutary law of health and service breaks through the false tissues of social conventions. But as the social tissue knits again at the end of pioneering or revolutionary episodes, it has never yet failed, as a matter of historic fact, to develop a law unfavourable to elemental virtue and offering promotion to ambitious men on terms quite other than those of natural worth. Hence has arisen the literary and popular assumption that no man or class can be trusted with power unless another man or class is set to watch. It is falsely supposed that aristocracies decay because power, in its very nature, is corrupting.

Now the truth is that power cleanses and integrates the will, to the extent that it is derived from

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courage and enterprise. The kind of power that properly belongs to a man does not corrupt him. He is corrupted only when he consents to exercise powers that are not his—that are merely imputed to him by a legal fiction. It is not characteristic of strong men to take the lead in such inventions. Therefore it is inaccurate to say that power is corrupting, without specifying the kind of power that is meant. The strong do not corrupt the weak, but the weak the strong. Society in the large corrupts its *élite*. The vast tides of false social tradition have overwhelmed again and again, a thousand times, the adventures of high-spirited men toward a happier order of linked power and virtue.

II

This literary and popular notion that power necessarily tends toward moral debasement, is evidently only a special phase of the wider mental phenomenon we are dealing with, to wit: the age-old separation between the thought of what is right and the thought of what is practical. Thus in setting out to discover why it is that aristocracies make their entrances by one law and their exits by another, we are brought in face of the question: Why is it so hard for the mass of men to believe in the goodness of power, or in the potential strength and prevalence of what is right? Why this age-long wistfulness—this abstract and passive devotion to the undoable, and this resigned engrossment in things that are confessed to be of inferior interest and worth?

How is it that Americans—even Americans—have come to think that the business by which people get their living must of necessity be actuated by lower motives than those that are supposed to obtain in churches and law courts? Why do we have institutions to cultivate idealism as a specialty, and other quite different and wholly incommensurable institutions to cultivate practicality as a specialty? Why are we scandalised by the idea that there is a natural congruity between might and right? Why do we think of democracy as a delicate flower of the spirit growing in a sheltered garden—a flower that can be nurtured only in happy times and that needs to be walled and made safe by something that is not democracy? Why do we imagine that the vital and definitive power of a nation, the power of arms, should be regarded as a peculiar cult, superseding the arts and the humanities in grave moments, and requiring that everybody in civil society should eat, sleep, work and think in unfamiliar moods and tenses? Why is it that nothing but war itself—a war of such magnitude that it is in effect the sum of all wars—can make us understand that war-power is only a by-product of creative power; and that the rule of the world belongs to those who do not keep their creative imagination, their visions of the right way to do things—in a chamber of the mind that does not communicate with the common living rooms?

The answer to this question—or to these questions, for they are all one and the same—is the key to the authentic science of society.

The study of mass action and the psychology of the crowd can never get beyond the refined empiricism of such writers as John Fiske and Gustave Le Bon—can never become true science, furnishing a basis for enterprise and prophecy—until the historical schism between the conceptive and the executive faculties of mankind, with its entail of futility and tragedy, is recognised by savants as the right point of departure. This is only another way of saying that we cannot begin to put order into our knowledge of what men in the mass have done or are likely to do until we accept the fact that average

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men have never up to this time been normal men, while understanding at the same time that health is forever breaking through the settled absurdities, and that it is immensely contagious and must some day utterly prevail.

The academic psychologists talk about the fickle and convulsive mentality of the mob; but they commonly fail to observe that riots are made of precisely the same stuff as revolutions, and that the pathology of the mob-mind applies as well to the restless mutations of states and empires as to the swifter moods of street-rabbles.

The bottom reason why history is formless and irrational, subject to inconsequent changes and reactions, revealing no clear projective purpose, is that it is in the main a story of mobs. One must consent to the proposition that the human race hitherto has, on the whole, behaved itself very much in the manner of a mob—if only it be duly insisted and allowed that the records of the race are here and there shot through with illustrious stories of gathering order and noble reasonableness.

This is not a doctrine of pessimism. On the contrary, it is a doctrine of faith and high expectancy. Unless one begins with an understanding of the fact that the historic peoples have never really done their best, it is impossible to believe in the possibility—much less the actual imminence—of a pentecost or an epiphany. Such an understanding lies in the background of the Christian doctrine of universal aberration, or original sin. It should be confessed that this idea has suffered monstrous and incredible caricatures and needs to be restated in terms that modern biology and psychology can accept. But it still stands on its own feet, and is bound to be vindicated as the base line of social science. The law of human aberration bears the general relation to sociology that the Newtonian law of gravitation bears to physics.

Paraphrasing Sir Isaac Newton's formula, one may venture to say—by accommodation of course, since there is no real congruity between social and physical science—that a community's working- and fighting-strength diminishes with the increase of the square of the distance between its political idealism and its business system; and that the energy of its repulsion for other communities, or disposition to fight them, increases in the same ratio.

Stating the same principle from the standpoint of personal relations, we may set it down that the sanity and validity of the individual varies inversely as the squared distance between his religious or political ideals and his day's-work; and that he feels repulsion for persons of a different interest or persuasion and is moved to defend his own morals, with an impulse that is strong in the degree of their abstraction and invalidity. This is the same as to say that in proportion to the aloofness of a man's idealism, its lack of practical bearing upon his personal conduct, is he zealous to impose it upon other men.

It is due to no conscious hypocrisy, but to that more desperate malady of the mind, the blindness of the Pharisee, that the prosecution of an abstract or platonic virtue becomes an end in itself, a feverish infatuation, against which the temperate strength of those who invest their idealism in good work has only rarely prevailed. The champions of abstract principles of right can commonly command the suffrages of the crowd in proportion to the loftiness of their abstractions. Hence it has come to pass that nations have in general been ruled by men lacking in elemental strength, men whose power was in truth not theirs, but was imputed to them by a system of legal conventions.

The most civilised societies have

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most conspicuously been governed by the weak. These, while forever fierce to maintain their own moral theories by sword and scaffold, have fortified themselves by a cult of pacifism—insisting that all moral questions ought to be settled by earnest conversation, without resort to elemental forces, the nature of which they never have understood.

Under this immemorial rule of the weak, religion has been protected by those who lacked the energy of faith, the arts have been patronised by men having no ability to practise them, business has been bullied by people devoid of enterprise, and the sacredness of property has been championed by those who never earned a meal.

Such is the state of human affairs that Christianity came into the world to cure. The question was: How can a fresh start be made on a normal basis? How may the frightful gap between the conceptive faculties of mankind and its executive faculties be closed up? What new motive or method can be invoked to restore men to wholeness or holiness?

Now if the sin, or schism, that splits life in two were grounded in the primordial character of man there would be no hope. The leopard does not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin—and celestial wings do not sprout from the shoulders of mortals. The reasonableness of the Christian enterprise rests wholly, and rests securely, upon the fact that sin is abnormal. It is not natural. Therefore it is curable. The blindness of the Pharisee is not beyond the reach of therapeutics—Father, forgive them, for they cannot see!

To say that the light in the ruling class of Judea had become darkness was to say that the abstraction of their legal logic and the extravagance of their national idealism had dulled their natural sense. It is a fact of moral pathology that every excess of sentimentality is balanced by sordidness. Super-righteousness is dogged by cruelty. And the treatment of any fine word—Truth, Honour, Humanity, Liberty—as if it were a real thing, blunts a man's interest in the embodiment of the thing.

Consider now the terrible consequences that flow from this pathological fact, and the desperate pass to which it brings the world—requiring a prodigy of love and faith to restore the health of society. Although in the deepest sense it is not natural for men to be sentimental and sordid, legal and cruel, magniloquent and mean, although it is true that in the mass we are not natural born fools but have rather achieved our rapturous and violent folly—still it remains an historical fact that this madness has propagated itself through the ages with dreadful contagion, and has become a kind of second nature.

Here lies the profound truth of what is called original sin—the sin of Adam. It is not absurd to say—as in a parable, of course—that if the first of "articulately speaking men" (it is Homer's significant phrase) had been an effectual artist or a good farmer instead of a futile moralist and rhetorician, the trouble would not have happened. For in view of the virulence of the contagion everything depended on getting started right.

The temptation is intrinsic and unescapable. We may understand that at a certain momentous epoch in the biologic process a being broke into existence that could properly be called Man—because he could speak. The ability to use words is the power of abstract or conceptive thought. And that implies duality of consciousness—the birth of the imagination as a faculty capable of standing aloof and apart from the current of passing experience. With the entrance of this thaumaturgic power of

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abstract thought—the power to conceive things that do not exist and therefore to live, if one please, in an unreal world—we have the stage set for the tragedy of the Temptation and Fall.

It is in the power of the Man to pass out of the realm of creaturehood and into the realm of creatorship. He can cease to be merely the Finest Thing Made, and can become the Maker of Things. He can cease to be governed wholly by an external law and can begin to be self-governing. All he has to do is to hold himself together, to insist upon continuing to be all of one piece—as the naïve animals are. But he has a difficulty that they have not—since he has a new and marvellous consciousness that transcends reality and lures him away from the rough contacts of experience.

Shall he use his imagination—his power to conceive things that do not exist—as a means of escape from the harshness of reality? Or shall he become an artist—employing the power of the imagination to master the difficulties of existence and make new things exist? The Lord of Life advises him to take the latter course—tells him to dress and keep the Garden. That requires only red blood. It requires courage, faith in the practicability of one's own ideal. But behold! the Serpent—immemorial symbol of cold-blooded intellectuality, "the native hue of resolution sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—offers a different, a disastrous counsel. Adam is advised to leave the conquest of nature to inferior beings and to devote himself to mental uplift and ethical culture—"to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil!"—to get right, and acquire rights, without risk of body or venture of faith.

The Man refuses to take God for granted and elects to think his way to righteousness. He rejects the creative life and prefers to refine upon his creaturehood. And this choice we are told is the spring of the unnumbered woes that have fallen upon mankind.

Remember this story stands in the forefront of a literature recording the stages of a brave effort made by a particular race of Asiatics to escape from the spiritual thrall of the Orient. Asia to this day holds stubbornly to the choice that Adam is said to have made. The inner life of the East is mainly characterised in India by spiritual wistfulness, and in China by scholastic pedantry. The peoples of these lands may be said to be the most cultivated races on the planet. They are among the most unsuccessful in the dressing and keeping of the Garden. India has always been afflicted with mighty famines, and has never learned to water its deserts or drain its swamps. And China has not learned to make good roads or to uncover the vast coal-measure beneath its soil. China lies as a helpless and dangerous derelict adrift in the heaving sea of world-conflict.

There is point and pathos in the newspaper story that has recently gone the rounds, to the effect that twenty-five thousand persons in British India have been killed by snake-bites since the beginning of the war. The wile of distempered wisdom is still prevailing; the heel of the Son of the Woman has not yet bruised the serpent's head.

Sir Edwin Arnold in his *Light of Asia* writes: "The East bowed low before the West in silent, deep disdain; she heard the legions thunder past, then plunged in thought again." That is a true description of the pride and impotence of the Orient in its relation to the occidental races.

Christianity crowns the scriptural tradition with a definite revolt from this orientalism—the substance of original sin. The historic Christ is

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an indissuadable apostate from the life of the Orient. He is an Asiatic standing with his back to Asia and stretching out his revealing hands toward Europe and America.

There are, of course, a mass of oriental legends clustering about the timeless and incomparable name of Jesus. It is an offence to sound canons of historical and literary interpretation to suppose that these are characteristic of their subject. Men are not made famous for being like everybody else in their neighbourhood—though it is natural enough that their contemporaries should try to describe them in terms of their own habitual thought. If Jesus had been what the orientalisers among us suppose him to have been, he would have been lost in the Palestinian census. It is absurd to state the meaning of a man whose fame after two thousand years is worship, in terms that are not distinguishable from the pre-Christian cult of yogis, or the orthodoxy of the doctors he disputed with.

Jesus is the pivotal personality of the ages, because he pioneered the way of escape from the morbid ideality and intellectualism that had complete possession of the *orbis terrarum* of his day. He was crucified because he was alone in the world and had declared war against it. He strove mightily not to be alone. He did not intend to be a victim—nor refuse to be. His intolerable offence was his awful realism—his emphasis of the preciousness of incarnate life. He insisted, in the teeth of the scribes and doctors—and of Socrates, Plato and Aristotle—that the fine thing to do with the mind is to enflesh it—to spend its force upon living stuff and substance.

To make much of the words of Christ is to make sure of misunderstanding him. Did he say this, or that?—It does not much matter. He is not a philosopher, but rather a man of affairs—the first and authentic type of that new order. He is the despair of philosophers, because he comes to deliver the world from the rule of words. He is the inventor of credit-capital, socialised commerce and the corporate idea. That is to say, he is the prime illustrator of the practical value of faith, the advantages of level reciprocity and the power of free combination.

The ecumenical church was the projection of the personality of Jesus. It spent itself and was lost four hundred years ago, though not beyond recovery in another form. It was the world's most magnificent and successful experiment in social administration. Its success was due to its militant realism—its conquest of racial prejudice, puristic religiosity and the doctrinairism of sects. Its failure was due to a revival in the world at large of the malignancy of the world's old diseases.

To think of Jesus as a proletarian reformer, a champion of the poor, striving to broaden down the social law to the level of the disinherited, is to blunt the point of his world-transforming enterprise. He undertook to normalise society, to deliver it from its inherent deadlock—by cancelling out the legal fictions that support the arbitrary power of incompetents. He set out to establish on a basis of social authority the intrinsic and self-vindicating strength of the sane.

In proclaiming the rule of the servant Jesus penetrated the oriental and classical illusion, that assumes the weakness of those who spend their imagination and devotion in physical ministries to life. He saw in the tender carefulness of a serving-man for the comfort of his master a celebration of the spiritual mastery of material things in their relation to living persons. To him this was a foreshowing of that artistic-scientific power—the power of great builders, chemists, artists and engineers—which is assuredly destined to take

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the control of politics out of the nerveless hands of legalists and rhetoricians.

By dint of profound sanity, a genius of simplicity that was proof against sophistication, Jesus understood a truth that is now at last beginning to be apparent event to pedagogic psychologists, to wit: that energy of will and intellect is the ability to make firm decisions concerning the relative worth of things for the practical uses of life; and consequently that powerful personalities cannot be bred otherwise than in eager and interested contact with material values and life-sustaining processes. Jesus knew that it had been provided in the ground-plan of the world that people who live by their legal privileges, in aloofness from the life-struggle, shall decline in intelligence and personal force. To say that the servant shall rule at length is to prophesy in terms of science. It amounts merely to saying that the strong shall rule at length.

The Church of the Middle Ages was a pioneering adventure toward a sane social system—a system in which personal validity becomes the same thing as social authority. This is the heart of the democratic idea. And the Church of the great ecclesiastical administrators was a social order that crossed the frontiers of race and caste and opened the way for a peasant man of whatever breed to mount to the throne of the Servant of Servants. How lethal is the spell of prescriptive time! We talk now of an ecumenic conscience, power, social order—as if it were a dream of benevolent hope, taxing the credulity of realistic minds. Yet the thing was once done—and stood for a thousand years. We have simply forgotten.

We have forgotten that many generations of men like ourselves tilled the soil, built cities, went about their daily work and play, nourished and sustained in the confident expectation that the best that could befall mankind was planned and half-accomplished in the actual living body of the Church. But the breath of the spiritual plague of Asia, the malific east wind that blows across the world—blighted that expectation. It was not to be—in that manner. We were not to arrive at the Great Deliverance by the way of the Militant Church, but by the way of another militancy less gracious, and less creditable to the human spirit.

It was possible in either of two ways to bring into the light of universal acknowledgment the truth that service is stronger than privilege, and that goodness and power are, in the ground-plan of nature, one and the same thing. The way of the Church was that goodness should go forth into the world proclaiming its right of dominion and summoning the free wills of men to the conquest of the kingdom. That way came within sight of success. It covered the world with the organic tissues of a new and transforming order. But on the whole, we say, it failed. In the sixteenth century the hope of the militant and ecumenic church was practically abandoned. Men ceased to believe that goodness could fight, that it could mass its forces and conquer the world. The institutions of the ideal were thrust out of the forum and market-place. The Church became the ward of the state, and was left to nourish its baffled hope in a region of high abstraction.

The plot that has culminated in the Great War began to work out its fatalities four hundred years ago. But these fatalities are not wholly tragic. On the contrary they lead straight to the goal toward which the militant church strove—but now by a different road.

The Church said: Given the organisation of goodness on a grand scale and we shall arrive at power. But it is equally true to say: Given the

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organisation of power on a grand scale and we shall arrive at goodness. For four centuries of travail we have been moving toward the rule of the servant through the organisation of earth-subduing power on an ever-widening basis. The modern development of technological industry forces us, even against our will and purpose, to the discovery of the spiritual laws of society.

III

Percival Lowell, sitting with his eye to his great telescope at Flagstaff, Arizona, in absorbed contemplation of the planet Mars, supposed that he was gazing upon a world that was able to sustain its life only by a complete social unity centring in an intense devotion to the practical arts. His theory was that the astonishing network of geometrical lines appearing upon the face of the planet is in fact a system of canals belonging to a prodigious system of irrigation; that the diminishing moisture in their atmosphere must have forced the Martian people into the finest economy of the forces of life and of nature for the maintenance of a food supply, and must therefore have developed a form of social organisation in which high place and power could be achieved only by those who manifestly excelled in social service.

Now high technology and the Great War are accomplishing on our planet something like what Lowell imagined concerning Mars. The rise of technical science and the machine process, and the consequent grand-scale social organisation for work, have left law and morals far behind. Our legal and moral conceptions, our ideas of right, duty, property, punishment, authority and so on, are reminiscent of the Old Testament or of the antique Mediterranean culture cherished in classical schools. We have gone on defining personal and property rights in a mood that has no relation at all to the need of putting the control of tools into competent hands, or any other consideration of social economy and efficiency.

The war is the explosion of this absurdity. Now for a moment the energy of the machines is turned against the life of the race. There is dearth everywhere and dire extremity. We are reduced to the plight of the planet Mars. There is no exit from such distress except the road that Mr. Lowell suggested. We shall have a new social order in which virtue shall be linked with property and authority, and in which a man's goodness shall be defined in the pragmatic terms of the New Testament: I was cold, hungry, naked—and he produced the fuel, the food and the clothes.

There are several steps in this disentanglement. Substantially as follows the record may be expected to run. Germany precipitated the catastrophe because Germany was of all countries the most antique in political morals and the most modern in tools. The Teutons had acquired a differential advantage in tool-power because they had invested a small percentage of their political idealism in a direct effort to advance the industrial arts; while the other great nations, excepting perhaps Japan, had reserved their political idealism for other uses. But idealism when turned earthward becomes formidable. It can fight. Thus Germany made war—a war between industrial systems vitalised by diverse degrees of practical idealism. England, France, Italy begin to invest their moral virtue in the machines. But their available percentage is too low, for the moment. Russia drops out and relapses into feebleness, because she is oriental at heart and cannot put the power of dreams into tools. America girds herself. She has immense reserves of creative strength drawn out of every nation under heaven and nur-

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tured on the bosom of a fresh continent; but her sectarian religion, her party politics, her academic culture, had been aimed at the sky. With one voice they had protested against the abuses of business and had restrained some of them—a little; but they had never cast their passion for beauty and truth and goodness into the engines of industry as fuel and fire. Yet now the day had come in which this must be done!

I say we are living in the grey morning of an apocalyptic day, because I am acquainted with the American people and the peoples of western Europe, and know the largeness of their spiritual reserves. Without that knowledge it would be reasonable to suppose, from the face of the facts, that Germany would prevail. In that case the day of the great change would be postponed—and there would be a much longer agony of parturition.

There may indeed be brief pauses, truces, futile diplomacies—but the West will not submit to Central Europe. I expect the great change to be precipitated in the United States, and I think it will come quickly because the only alternative is the universal prevalence, for a generation or so, of the Teutonic political type—entailing wars upon wars with only breathing-spaces between.

But the United States cannot prevail over Teutonism in the near future—cannot compress the world-agony into a narrow compass of time—without committing itself at once to a profound internal renovation that will involve every institution of business, politics, religion and culture. We may continue for a moment to think of these changes as war-measures; but they will be irretractable. The short statement of the case is that we are now obliged to make a permanent investment in physical business of at least fifty-one per cent. of our intellectual and emotional energy—most of which has hitherto been used to turn the windmills of an abstract and impotent idealism.

If our national reserves of elemental health prove to be inadequate for the present emergency, if we are not yet able to direct the major part of our idealism to the romance of reality—our failure will postpone, but cannot prevent, the coming of the great change. The postponement can hardly reach beyond the middle of the century. For the very existence of modern grand-scale industry, with its universal credit-accounting and the enforced mutuality of the machine, forces the spiritual issue with an irresistible hand. Grand-scale industry is fatal to the rule of abstract idealism—the physically irrelevant kind of goodness or rightness that obtains in our actual churches, schools, courts and chambers of commerce. It is fatal to that rule, not directly and obviously, but in a manner that is none the less decisive.

When industry becomes organised on a national or international scale it drives the rule of abstract idealism to suicide. There is no possibility of escape. The march of the fatality is as irresistible as the movement of an Æschylean play. The economy of small and unintegrated crafts that preceded the machine process, or what is called "the great industry," could manage to exist for a thousand years under the sway of an ancient legalism. For small-scale industry can keep tolerably close to the natural laws of life, in spite of the worst that lawyers and politicians may do; it can follow the instinctive law that yields craft-mastership only to those who have proved their fitness. But when the agencies that sustain the life of a great nation become linked in a single indissoluble system, the safe and instinctive rule of the craft-master is thrown into the background, and the control of the life-

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sustaining system is committed for weal or woe to such masters as the conventional laws of property and precedence may happen to endue with power.

Thus the great industry challenges the existence of the old transcendental legalism by submitting to it, committing the life of the nation to it, and so exposing its physical feebleness and incompetency. The old juristic order is forced to undertake a work that it is unable to perform, and is therefore driven to self-destruction. Its definitions of personal and property rights are found to be wholly out of drawing with the facts of life.

The discrepancy is first revealed in the yawning of an unbridgable chasm between "labour" and "capital"—between those who live by the natural law of physical function and those who depend for their existence upon the validation of conventional claims. It is discovered that the lowest depths of poverty are reached in the countries that have the highest per capita rate of income, and that the schism between riches and poverty does not tend to close up, but rather to widen, with the increase of documentary wealth. Thereupon it is made evident to competent observers that the self-destruction of the old legal order cannot be postponed in any country save by expansion of its credit and commerce to fresh lands. But the international rivalry for the possession of fresh fields must of necessity produce war; and this is the swiftest way of suicide for the powers of transcendental politics. For modern wars are waged primarily with tools; and victory in such warfare must inevitably rest with the contestant who is able to invest the highest percentage of his intellectual and moral force in the practical arts.

These considerations furnish, I think, solid grounds of assurance that the greatest of human events is either close at hand or else will be reached by the mid-century. The world will be delivered at last from the immemorial deadlock between idealism and enterprise; the creative imagination will master the machines in the service of art, and of a finer civility than we have known.

War will come to an end quite incidentally and as a matter of course —with the rise of a great people emotionally devoted to the creative process and therefore sovereign in the realm of chemical and physical force. Such a people will hold the hegemony of a universal alliance—by the diffusion of benefits and by the compulsion of power.

War will be stopped by the predominant force of a free people, romantic about realities.

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THE ADVANCE OF ENGLISH POETRY IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

BY WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

PART VI

Irish poetry a part of English Literature—common-sense the basis of romanticism—misapprehension of the poetic temperament—passing of the "typical" Irishman.—William Butler Yeats—his education—his devotion to art—his theories—his love poetry—resemblance to Maeterlinck—the lyrical element paramount—the psaltery—pure rather than applied poetry.—John M. Synge—his mentality—his versatility—a terrible personality—his capacity for hatred—his subjectivity—his interesting Preface—brooding on death.—A. E.—the Master of the island—his sincerity and influence—disembodied spirits—his mysticism—homesickness—true optimism.—James Stephens—poet and novelist—realism and fantasy.—Padraic Colum.—Francis Ledwidge.—Susan Mitchell.—Thomas MacDonagh.—Joseph Campbell.—Seumas O'Sullivan.—Maurice Francis Egan.—Norreys Jephson O'Conor.—The advance of English poetry in Ireland.

IN WHAT I have to say of the work of the Irish poets, I am thinking of it solely as a part of English literature. I have in mind no political bias whatever, for political questions in the field of art seem to me of subordinate importance. During the last forty years Irishmen have written mainly in the English language, which assures to what is good in their compositions an influence bounded only by the dimensions of the earth. Great creative writers are such an immense and continuous blessing to the world that the locality of their birth pales in importance in comparison with the glory of it, a glory in which we all profit. We need original writers in America; but I had rather have a star of the first magnitude appear in London than a star of lesser power appear in Los Angeles. Everyone who writes good English contributes something to English literature and is a benefactor to English-speaking people. An Irish or American literary aspirant will serve his country not according to his local flavour or fervour, but according to his ability to write the English language. The language belongs to Ireland and to America as much as it belongs to England; excellence in its command is the only test by which Irish, American, Canadian, South African, Hawaiian and Australian poets and novelists will be judged. The more difficult the test, the stronger the appeal to national pride.

In a recent work, called *The Celtic Dawn*, I found this passage: "The thesis of their contention is that modern English, the English of contemporary literature, is essentially an impoverished language incapable of directly expressing thought." I am greatly unimpressed by such a statement. The chief reason why there is really a Celtic Dawn, or a Celtic Renaissance, is because Irishmen like Synge, Yeats, Russell and others have

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succeeded in writing English so well that they have attracted the attention of the whole world.

Ireland has never contributed to English literature a poet of the first class. By a poet of the first class I mean one of the same grade with the leading half-dozen British poets of the nineteenth century. This dearth of great Irish poets is all the more remarkable when we think of her splendid contributions to English prose and to English drama. Possibly, if one had prophecy rather than history to settle the question, one might predict that Irishmen would naturally write more and better poetry than Englishmen; for the common supposition is that the poetic temperament is romantic, sentimental, volatile, reckless. If this were true, then the lovable, careless, impulsive Irish would completely outclass in original poetry the sensible, steady-headed, cautious Englishmen. What are the facts about the so-called poetic temperament?

Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, Wordsworth, Keats, Tennyson, Browning, Arnold, were in character, disposition, and temperament precisely the opposite of what is superficially supposed to be "poetic." Some of them were deeply erudite; all of them were deeply thoughtful. They were clear-headed, sensible men —in fact, common sense was the basis of their mental life. And no one can read the letters of Byron without seeing how well supplied he was with the shrewd common sense of the Englishman. He was more selfish than any one of the men enumerated above—but he was no fool. There is nothing inconsistent in his being at once the greatest romantic poet and the greatest satirist of his age. His masterpiece, *Don Juan*, is the expression of a nature at the farthest possible remove from sentimentality. And the greatest poet in any language since Shakespeare, the author of *Faust*, was remarkable among all the children of men for his poise, balance, calm—in other words, for common sense.

It is by no accident that the British—whom foreigners delight to call stodgy and slow-witted, have contributed to the literature of the world the largest amount of high-class poetry. English literature is instinctively romantic, as French literature is instinctively classic. The glory of French literature is prose; the glory of English literature is poetry.

As the tallest tree must have the deepest roots, so it would seem that the loftiest edifices of verse must have the deepest foundations. Certainly one of the many reasons why American poetry is so inferior to British is because our roots do not go down sufficiently deep. Great poetry does not spring from natures too volatile, too susceptible, too easily swept by gusts of emotion. Landor was one of the most violent men we have on record; he was a prey to uncontrollable outbursts of rage, caused by trivial vexations; but his poetry aimed at cold, classical correctness. In comparison with Landor, Tennyson's reserve was almost glacial—yet out of it bloomed many a gorgeous garden of romance. Splendid imaginative masterpieces seem to require more often than not a creative mind marked by sober reason, logical processes, orderly thinking.

John Morley, who found the management of Ireland more than a handful, though he loved Ireland and the Irish with an affection greater than that felt by any other Englishman of his time, has, in his *Recollections*, placed on opposite pages—all the more striking to me because so wholly unintentional — illuminating testimony to the difference between the Irish and the British temperament. And this testimony powerfully supports the point I am trying to make—that the "typical" logicless, inconsequential Irish mind, so win-

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some and so exasperating, is not the kind of brain to produce permanent poetry.

"A peasant was in the dock for a violent assault. The clerk read the indictment with all its legal jargon. The prisoner to the warder: "What's all that he says?" *Warder:* "He says ye hit Pat Curry with yer spade on the side of his head." *Prisoner:* "Bedad an' I did." *Warder:* "Then plade not guilty." This dialogue, loud and in the full hearing of the court.

"Read Wordsworth's two poems on Burns; kind, merciful, steady, glowing, manly they are, with some strong phrases, good lines, and human feeling all through, winding up in two stanzas at the close. These are among the pieces that make Wordsworth a poet to live with; he repairs the daily wear and tear, puts back what the fret of the day has rubbed thin or rubbed off, sends us forth in the morning *whole.*"

Robert Browning, whose normality in appearance and conversation pleased sensible folk and shocked idolaters, summed up in two stanzas the difference between the popular conception of a poet and the real truth. One might almost take the first stanza as representing the Irish, and the second the English temperament.

"Touch him ne'er so lightly, into song he broke:
Soil so quick-receptive,—not one feather-seed,
Not one flower-dust fell but straight its fall awoke
Vitalising virtue: song would song succeed
Sudden as spontaneous—prove a poet-soul!"

Indeed?
Rock's the song-soil rather, surface hard and bare:
Sun and dew their mildness, storm and frost their rage
Vainly both expend,—few flowers awaken there:
Quiet in its cleft broods—what the after age
Knows and names a pine, a nation's heritage.

People who never grow up may have a certain kind of fascination, but they will not write great poetry. It is exactly the other way with creative artists; they grow up faster than the average. The maturity of Keats is astonishing. Now I believe that in the last forty years Ireland has really begun to grow up. The fantastic, happy-go-lucky Irishman is becoming as rare in real life as he is on the stage. Spirituality has taken the place of frivolity. Mr. Yeats's wonderful lamentation, *September 1913,* that sounds like the wailing of the wind, actually gives us a reason why Irishmen are getting the attention of the world in poetry, as well as in fiction and drama.

What need you, being come to sense,
But fumble in a greasy till
And add the halfpence to the pence
And prayer to shivering prayer, until
You have dried the marrow from the bone;
For men were born to pray and save,
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Yet they were of a different kind.
The names that stilled your childish play
They have gone about the world like wind,
But little time had they to pray
For whom the hangman's rope was spun,
And what, God help us, could they save;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

Was it for this the wild geese spread
The grey wing upon every tide;
For this that all that blood was shed,
For this Edward Fitzgerald died,
And Robert Emmet and Wolfe Tone,
All that delirium of the brave;
Romantic Ireland's dead and gone,
It's with O'Leary in the grave.

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Yet could we turn the years again,
And call those exiles as they were,
In all their loneliness and pain
You'd cry "some woman's yellow hair
Has maddened every mother's son:"
They weighed so lightly what they gave,
But let them be, they're dead and gone,
They're with O'Leary in the grave.

William Butler Yeats has done more for English poetry than any other Irishman, for he is the greatest poet in the English language that Ireland has ever produced. He is a notable figure in contemporary literature, having made additions to verse, prose and stage-plays. He has by no means obliterated Clarence Mangan, but he has surpassed him.

Mr. Yeats was born at Dublin, June 13, 1865. His father was an honour man at Trinity College, taking the highest distinction in Political Economy. After practising law, he became a painter, which profession he still adorns. The future poet studied art for three years, but when twenty-one years old definitely devoted himself to literature. Apart from his original work, one of his foremost services to humanity was his advice to that strange genius, John Synge—for it was owing to the influence of his friend that Synge became a creative writer, and he had, alas! little time to lose.

Mr. Yeats published his first poem in 1886. Since that date, despite his preoccupation with the management of the Abbey Theatre, he has produced a long list of works in verse and prose, decidedly unequal in merit, but shining with the light of a luminous mind.

From the first, Mr. Yeats has seemed to realise that he could serve Ireland best by making beautiful and enduring works of art, rather than by any form of political agitation. This is well; for despite the fact that a total ineptitude for statesmanship seldom prevents the enthusiast from issuing and spreading dogmatic propaganda, a merely elementary conception of the principle of division of labour should make us all rejoice when the artist confines himself to art. True artists are scarce and precious; and although practical men of business often regard them as superfluous luxuries, the truth is that we cannot live without them. As poet and dramatist, Mr. Yeats has done more for his country than he could have accomplished in any other way.

Never was there more exclusively an artist. He writes pure, not applied poetry. I care little for his theories of symbolism, magic and what not. Poets are judged not by their theories, not by the "schools" to which they give passionate adherence, but simply and solely by the quality of their work. No amount of theory, no correctness of method, no setting up of new or defence of old standards, no elevated ideals can make a poet if he have not the divine gift. Theories have hardly more effect on the actual value of his poetry than the colour of the ink in which he writes. The reason why it is interesting to read what Mr. Yeats says about his love of magic and of symbols is not because there is any truth or falsehood in these will-o'-the-wisps, but because he is such an artist that even when he writes in prose, his style is so beautiful, so harmonious that one is forced to listen. Literary art has enormous power in propelling a projectile of thought. I do not doubt that the chief reason for the immense effect of such a philosophy as that of Schopenhauer or that of Nietzsche is because each man was a literary artist—indeed I think both were greater writers than thinkers. A good thing this is for their fame, for art lasts longer than thought. The fashion of a man's thought may pass away; his knowledge and his ideas may lose their stamp, either because they prove to be false or because they become universally

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current. Everybody believes Copernicus, but nobody reads him. Yet when a book, no matter how obsolete in thought, is marked by great beauty of style, it lives forever. Consider the case of Sir Thomas Browne. Art is the great preservative.

Mr. Yeats has a genius for names and titles. His names, like those of Rossetti's, are sweet symphonies. *The Wind Among the Reeds, The Shadowy Waters, The Secret Rose, The Land of Heart's Desire, The Island of Statues* are poems in themselves, and give separate pleasure like an overture without the opera. Perhaps it is not too fanciful to observe that *The Wind Among the Reeds* suggests better than any other arrangement of words the lovely minor melodies of our poet, while *The Shadowy Waters* gives exactly the picture that comes into one's mind in thinking of his poems. There is an extraordinary fluidity in his verse, like running water under the shade of overhanging branches. One feels that Mr. Yeats loves these titles, and chooses them with affectionate solicitude, like a father naming beautiful children.

The love poetry of Mr. Yeats, like the love poetry of Poe, is swept with passion, but the passion is mingled with unutterable reverence. It is unlike much modern love poetry in its spiritual exaltation. Just as manners have become more free, and intimacies that once took months to develop, now need only minutes, so much contemporary verse-tribute to women is so detailed, so bold, so cock-sure, that the elaborate compliments only half-conceal a sneer. In all such work love is born of desire—its sole foundation—and hence is equally short-lived and fleeting. In the poems of Mr. Yeats, desire seems to follow rather than to precede love. Love thus takes on, as it ought to, something of the beauty of holiness.

Fasten your hair with a golden pin,
And bind up every wandering tress;
I bade my heart build these poor rhymes:
It worked at them, day out, day in,
Building a sorrowful loveliness
Out of the battles of old times.

You need but lift a pearl-pale hand,
And bind up your long hair and sigh;
And all men's hearts must burn and beat;
And candle-like foam on the dim sand,
And stars climbing the dew-dropping sky,
Live but to light your passing feet.

A still more characteristic love-poem is the one which gleams with the symbols of the cloths of heaven.

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the halflight,
I would spread the cloths under your feet;
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

In mysticism, in symbolism, and in the quality of his imagination, Mr. Yeats of course reminds us of Maeterlinck. He has the same twilit atmosphere, peopled with elusive dream-footed figures, that make no more noise than the wings of an owl. He is of imagination all compact. He is neither a teacher nor a prophet; he seems to turn away from the real sorrows of life, yes, even from its real joys, to dwell in a world of his own creation. He invites us thither, if we care to go; and if we go not, we cannot understand either his art or his ideas. But if we wander with him in the shadowy darkness, like the lonely man in Titanic alleys accompanied only by Psyche, we shall see strange visions. We may be led to the door of a legended tomb; we may be led along the border of dim waters; but we shall live for a time in the realm of Beauty, and be the better for the experience, even though it resemble nothing

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in the town and country that we know.

Mr. Yeats, like Browning, writes both lyrical poems and dramas; but he is at the opposite remove from Browning in everything except the gift of song. Browning was so devoted to the dramatic aspect of art, that he carried the drama even into its seemingly contradictory form, the lyric. Every lyric is a little one-act play, and he called them dramatic lyrics. Mr. Yeats, on the other hand, is so essentially a lyric poet, that instead of writing dramatic lyrics, he writes lyric dramas. Even his stage-plays are primarily lyrical.

Those who are interested in Mr. Yeats's theory of speaking, reciting, or chanting poetry to the psaltery should read his book, *Ideas of Good and Evil,* which contains some of his most significant articles of faith, written in limpid and beautiful prose. Mr. Yeats cannot write on any subject without illuminating it by the light of his own imagination; and I find his essays in criticism full of original thought—the result of years of brooding reflection. In these short pieces his genius is as clear as it is in his poems.

I admire his absolute devotion to the art of poetry. He knows that politicians and "practical" men at the very best regard him as a harmless dreamer; for to them he seems to be talking in his sleep just when he ought to be wide awake. But more regard him as worse than harmless, for they cannot understand how, in the midst of political excitement, he can calmly go on writing poems and lyrical dramas. But he will not apologise. Nor will he use his poetic genius for any purpose except for the creation of beauty and the interpretation of life. He will not turn Pegasus into a dray-horse, and make him haul cart-loads of political or moral propaganda. In his fine apologia, *The Cutting of an Agate,* he states and restates his creed: "Literature decays when it no longer makes more beautiful, or more vivid, the language which unites it to all life, and when one finds the criticism of the student, and the purpose of the reformer, and the logic of the man of science, where there should have been the reveries of the common heart, ennobled into some raving Lear or unabashed Don Quixote. . . . I have been reading through a bundle of German plays, and have found everywhere a desire not to express hopes and alarms common to every man that ever came into the world, but politics or social passion, a veiled or open propaganda. . . . If Homer were alive to-day, he would only resist, after a deliberate struggle, the temptation to find his subject not in Helen's beauty, that every man has desired, nor in the wisdom and endurance of Odysseus that has been the desire of every woman that has come into the world, but in what somebody would describe, perhaps, as 'the inevitable contest,' arising out of economic causes, between the country-places and small towns on the one hand, and, upon the other, the great city of Troy, representing one knows not what 'tendency to centralisation.'"

In other words, if I understand him correctly, Mr. Yeats believes that in writing pure rather than applied poetry, he is not turning his back on great issues to do filigree work, but is merely turning aside from questions of temporary import to that which is fixed and eternal, life itself.

John Millington Synge was born near Dublin, April 16, 1871, and died in Dublin, March 24, 1909. It is a curious thing that the three great Irishmen of the Celtic renaissance—the only men who were truly inspired by genius—originally studied another form of art than literature. Mr. Yeats studied painting for years; A. E. is a painter of distinction;

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Synge was an accomplished musician before he became a man of letters. There is not the slightest doubt that the effect of these sister arts upon the literary work of the Great Three is pervasive and powerful. The books of Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell are full of word-pictures; and the rhythm of Synge's strange prose, which Mr. Ernest Boyd ingeniously traces to Dr. Hyde's translations, is full of harmonies.

Dr. Hyde ought to be one of the happiest men in the world; he has not only witnessed a new and wonderful literary revival in his country, but he has the satisfaction of knowing that he is vitally connected with its birth and bloom.

Synge had the greatest mental endowment of all the Irish writers of his time. He had an amazingly powerful mind. At Trinity College he took prizes in Hebrew and in Irish, and at the same time gained a scholarship in harmony and counterpoint at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. As a boy, "he knew the note and plumage of every bird, and when and where they were to be found." As a man, he could easily have mastered the note of every human being, as in addition to his knowledge of ancient languages, he seems to have become proficient in German, French, and Italian with singular speed and ease. He was an excellent performer on the piano, flute, and violin, did conjuring tricks, and delighted the natives of the Aran Islands with his penny whistle. He must have had a positive genius for concentration, obtaining a real command over anything to which he cared to devote his attention. Mr. Yeats found him in that ramshackle old Hôtel Corneille in the Latin Quarter, busily writing literary criticism in French and English, and told him as an inspired messenger to go to the primitive folk in Ireland and become a creative artist. He went; and in a few years reached the summit of dramatic achievement.

Synge was a terrible person, as terrible in his way as Swift. When Carlyle saw Daniel Webster, he said, "I should hate to be that man's nigger." I do not envy any of the men or women who, for whatever reason, incurred the wrath of Synge. He was never noisy or explosive, like a dog whose barks are discounted, to whom one soon ceases to pay any attention; we all know the futile and petty irascibility of the shallow-minded. Synge was like a mastiff who bites without warning. Irony was the common chord in his composition. He studied life and hated death; hated the gossip of the world, which seemed to him the gabble of fools. Physically he was a sick man, and felt his tether. He thought it frightful that he should have to die, while so many idiots lived long. He never forgave men and women for their folly, and the only reason why he did not forgive God was because he was not sure of His existence. The lady addressed in the following "poem" must have read it with queasy emotion, and without the slightest difficulty have unwillingly learned it by heart. A photograph of her face immediately after its perusal would look like futurist art.

THE CURSE

To a sister of an enemy of the author's who disapproved of "The Playboy."

Lord, confound this surly sister,
Blight her brow with blotch and blister,
Cramp her larynx, lung, and liver,
In her guts a galling give her.

Let her live to earn her dinners
In Mountjoy with seedy sinners:
Lord, this judgment quickly bring,
And I'm your servant, John M. Synge.

(Mountjoy is a prison).

Irish exaggeration is as often seen in plenary curses as in plenary bless-

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ings; both have the quality of humour. The curses are partly compounded of robust delight, like the joy of London cabmen in repartee; and the blessings are doubtless commingled with irony. But Synge had a savage heart. He was essentially a wild man, and a friend of mine had a vision of him that seems not without significance. He was walking in a desolate part of Ireland in a bleak storm of rain; when suddenly over the hills came the solitary figure of Synge, dressed in black, with a broad hat pulled over his brows.

As a stranger and sojourner he walked this earth. In the midst of Dublin he never mentioned politics, read no newspapers, and little contemporary literature, not even the books of his few intimate friends. Everyone who knew him had such immense respect for the quality of his intellect that it is almost laughable to think how eagerly they must have awaited criticism of the books they gave him—criticism that never came. Yet he never seems to have given the impression of surliness; he was not surly, he was silent. He must have been the despair of diagnosticians; even in his last illness, it was impossible for the doctors and nurses to discover how he felt, for he would not tell. I think his burning mind consumed his bodily frame.

Synge wrote few poems, and they came at intervals during a period of sixteen or seventeen years. Objectively, they are unimportant; his contributions to English literature are his dramas and his prose sketches. But as revelations of his personality they have a deep and melancholy interest; and every word of his short Preface, written in December, 1908, a few months before his death, is valuable. He knew he was a dying man, and not only wished to collect these fugitive bits of verse, but wished to leave behind him his theory of poetry. With characteristic bluntness, he says that the poems which follow the Preface were mostly written "before the views just stated, with which they have little to do, had come into my head."

No discussion of modern verse should omit consideration of this remarkable Preface—for while it has had no effect on either Mr. Yeats or Mr. Russell—it has profoundly influenced other Irish poets, and many that are not Irish, Mr. Masefield, for example. Indeed much aggressively "modern" work is trying, more or less successfully, to fit this theory. In the advance, Synge was more prophet than poet.

Many of the older poets, such as Villon and Herrick and Burns, used the whole of their personal life as their material, and the verse written in this way was read by strong men, and thieves, and deacons, not by little cliques only. Then, in the town writing of the eighteenth century, ordinary life was put into verse that was not poetry, and when poetry came back with Coleridge and Shelley, it went into verse that was not always human. [This last clause shows the difference between Synge and his friends, Yeats and Russell.]

In these days poetry is usually a flower of evil or good; but it is the timbre of poetry that wears most surely, and there is no timbre that has not strong roots among the clay and worms.

Even if we grant that exalted poetry can be kept successful by itself, the strong things in life are needed in poetry also, to show that what is exalted or tender is not made by feeble blood. It may almost be said that before verse can be human again it must learn to be brutal.

Like Herrick, he wrote verse about himself, for he knew that much biography and criticism would follow his funeral.

ON AN ANNIVERSARY

After reading the dates in a book of Lyrics.

With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen
We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe or Green:

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Then Sixteen-thirteen till two score and nine,
Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.
And so when all my little work is done
They'll say I came in Eighteen-seventy-one,
And died in Dublin. . . . What year will they write
For my poor passage to the stall of night?

A QUESTION

I asked if I got sick and died, would you
With my black funeral go walking too,
If you'd stand close to hear them talk or pray
While I'm let down in that steep bank of clay.

And, No, you said, for if you saw a crew
Of living idiots pressing round that new
Oak coffin—they alive, I dead beneath
That board—you'd rave and rend them with your teeth.

The love of brutal strength in Synge's work may have been partly the projection of his sickness, just as the invalid Stevenson delighted in the creation of powerful ruffians; but the brooding on his own death is quite modern, and is, I think, part of the egoism that is so distinguishing a feature in contemporary poetry. So many have abandoned all hope of a life beyond the grave, that they cling to bodily existence with almost gluttonous passion, and are filled with self-pity at the thought of their own death and burial. To my mind, there is something unworthy, something childish, in all this. When a child has been rebuked or punished by its father or mother, it plays a trump card—"You'll be sorry when I am dead!" It is better for men and women to attack the daily task with what cheerful energy they can command, and let the interruption of death come when it must. If life is short, it seems unwise to spend so much of our time in rehearsals of a tragedy that can have only one performance.

In the modern Tempest of Ireland, Yeats is Ariel and A. E. is Prospero. He is the Master of the island. As a literary artist, he is not the equal of either of the two men whose work we have considered; but he is by all odds the greatest Personality. He holds over his contemporaries a spiritual sway that many a monarch might envy. Perhaps the final tribute to him is seen in the fact that even George Moore treats him with respect.

One reason for this predominance is the man's absolute sincerity. All those who know him regard him with reverence; and to us who know him only through his books and his friends, his sincerity is equally clear and compelling. He has done more than any other man to make Dublin a centre of intellectual life. His single force is greater than that of the whole University. At one time his house was kept open every Sunday evening, and any friend, stranger, or foreigner had the right to walk in without knocking, and take a part in the conversation. A. E. used to subscribe to every literary journal, no matter how obscure, that was printed in Ireland; every week he would scan the pages, hoping to discover a man of promise. It was in this way he "found" James Stephens, and not only found him, but founded him. Many a struggling painter or poet has reason to bless the gracious assistance of A. E.

It is a singular thing that the three great men of modern Ireland seem more like disembodied spirits than carnal persons. Synge always seems to those who read his books like some ghost, waking the echoes with ironical laughter; I cannot imagine A. E. putting on coat and trousers; and although I once had the honour —which I gratefully remember—of a long talk with W. B. Yeats, I never felt that I was listening to a man of flesh and blood. It is fitting that these men had their earthly dwelling in a sea-girt isle, where every foot of

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ground has its own superstition, and where the constant mists are peopled with unearthly figures.

I do not really know what mysticism is; but I know that Mr. Yeats and Mr. Russell are both mystics and of a quite different stamp. Mr. Yeats is not insincere, but his mysticism is a part of his art rather than a part of his mind. He is artistically, rather than intellectually, sincere. The mysticism of Mr. Russell is fully as intellectual as it is emotional; it is more than his creed; it is his life. His poetry and his prose are not shadowed by his mysticism, they emanate from it. He does not have to live in another world when he writes verse, and then come back to earth when the dinner or the door bell rings; he lives in the other world all the time. Or rather, the earth and common objects are themselves part of the Universal Spirit, reflecting its constant activities.

DUST

I heard them in their sadness say
  "The earth rebukes the thought of God;
We are but embers wrapped in clay,
  A little nobler than the sod."

But I have touched the lips of clay,
  Mother, thy rudest sod to me
Is thrilled with fire of hidden day,
  And haunted by all mystery.

The above poem, taken from the author's first volume, *Homeward: Songs by the Way*, does not reflect that homesickness of which A. E. speaks in his Preface. Homesickness is longing, yearning; and there is little of any such quality in the work of A. E. Or, if he is really homesick, he is homesick not like one who has just left home, but more like one who is certain of his speedy return thither. This homesickness has more anticipation than regret; it is like healthy hunger when one is assured of the next meal. For assurance is the prime thing in A. E.'s temperament and in his work; it partly accounts for his strong influence. Many writers to-day are like sheep having no shepherd; A. E. is a shepherd. To turn from the wailing so characteristic of the poets, to the books of this high-hearted, resolute, candid, cheerful man, is like coming into harbour after a mad voyage. He moves among his contemporaries like a calm, able surgeon in a hospital. I suspect he has been the recipient of many strange confessions. His poetry has healing in its wings.

Has any human voice ever expressed more wisely or more tenderly the reason why Our Lord was a man of sorrows? Why He spake to humanity in the language of pain, rather than in the language of delight? Was it not simply because, in talking to us, He who could speak all languages, used our own, rather than that of His home country?

A LEADER

Though your eyes with tears were blind,
  Pain upon the path you trod:
Well we knew, the hosts behind,
  Voice and shining of a god.

For your darkness was our day,
  Signal fires, your pains untold,
Lit us on our wandering way
  To the mystic heart of gold.

Naught we knew of the high land,
  Beauty burning in its spheres;
Sorrow we could understand
  And the mystery told in tears.

Something of the secret of his quiet strength is seen in the following two stanzas, which close his poem *Apocalyptic* (1916):

It shall be better to be bold
  Than clothed in purple in that hour;
The will of steel be more than gold;
  For only what we are is power.
Who through the starry gate would win
Must be like those who walk therein,

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You, who have made of earth your star,
Cry out, indeed, for hopes made vain:
For only those can laugh who are
The strong Initiates of Pain,
Who know that mighty god to be
Sculptor of immortality.

It is a wonderful thing—a man living in a house in Dublin, living a life of intense, ceaseless, and extraordinarily diversified activity, travelling on life's common way in cheerful godliness, and shedding abroad to the remotest corners of the earth a masculine serenity of soul.

James Stephens was not widely known until the year 1912, when he published a novel called *The Crock of Gold*; this excited many readers in Great Britain and in America, an excitement considerably heightened by the appearance of another work of prose fiction, *The Demi-Gods*, in 1914; and general curiosity about the author became rampant. It was speedily discovered that he was a poet as well as a novelist; that three years before his reputation he had issued a slim book of verse, boldly named *Insurrections*, the title being the boldest thing in it. By 1915 this neglected work had passed through four editions, and during the last six years he has presented to an admiring public four more volumes of poems, *The Hill of Vision*, 1912; *Songs from the Clay*, 1915; *The Adventures of Seumas Beg*, 1915, and *Green Branches*, 1916.

A. E. believed in him from the start; and it was owing to the influence of A. E. that *Insurrections* took the form of a book, gratefully dedicated to its only begetter. Both patron and protégé must have been surprised by its lack of impact, and still more surprised by the immense success of *The Crock of Gold*. The poems are mainly realistic, pictures of slimy city streets with slimy creatures crawling on the pavements. It is an interesting fact that they appeared the same year of Synge's *Poems* with Synge's famous Preface counselling brutality, counselling anything to bring poetry away from the iridescent dreams of W. B. Yeats down to the stark realities of life and nature. They bear testimony to the catholic breadth of A. E.'s sympathetic appreciation, for they are as different as may be imagined from the spirit of mysticism. It must also be confessed that their absolute merit as poetry is not particularly remarkable; all the more credit to the discernment of A. E., who descried behind them an original and powerful personality.

The influence of Synge is strong in the second book of verses, called *The Hill of Vision*, particularly noticeable in such a poem as *The Brute*. Curiously enough, *Songs from the Clay* is more exalted in tone than *The Hill of Vision*. The air is clearer and purer. But the real James Stephens—the man known to us all through *The Crock of Gold* and *The Demi-Gods*—did not appear in verse until *The Adventures of Seumas Beg* was published. In these charming poems we have that triple combination of realism, humour, and fantasy that gave so original a flavour to the novels. They make a valuable addition to child-poetry; for men, women, angels, fairies, God and the Devil are treated with easy familiarity, in practical, definite, conversational language. These are the best fruits of his imagination in rime.

THE DEVIL'S BAG

I saw the Devil walking down the lane
Behind our house.—There was a heavy bag
Strapped tightly on his shoulders, and the rain
Sizzled when it hit him. He picked a rag
Up from the ground and put it in his sack,
And grinned and rubbed his hands. There was a thing
Moving inside the bag upon his back—
It must have been a soul! I saw it fling
And twist about inside, and not a hole
Or cranny for escape. Oh, it was sad.

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I cried, and shouted out, *"Let out that soul!"*
But he turned round, and, sure, his face went mad,
And twisted up and down, and he said *"Hell!"*
And ran away. . . . Oh, mammy! I'm not well.

In 1916 Mr. Stephens published a beautiful threnody, *Green Branches,* which illustrates still another side of his literary powers. There is organ-like music in these noble lines. The sting of bitterness is drawn from death, and sorrow changes into a solemn rapture.

Padraic Colum has followed the suggestion of Synge, and made deep excavations for the foundations of his poetry. It grows up out of the soil like a hardy plant; and while it cannot, in any sense of the word, be called major work, it has a wholesome, healthy earthiness. It is realistic in a totally different way from the town eclogues of James Stephens; it is not merely in the country, it is agricultural. His most important book is *Wild Earth,* published in Dublin in 1901, republished with additions in New York in 1916. The very smell of the earth is pungent in such poems as *The Plougher* and *The Drover;* while his masterpiece, *An Old Woman of the Roads,* voices the primeval and universal longing for the safe shelter of a home. I wonder what those who believe in the abolition of private property are going to do with this natural, human passion? Private property is not the result of an artificial social code—it is the result of an instinct. The first three stanzas of this poem indicate its quality, expressing the all but inexpressible love of women for each stick of furniture and every household article.

O, to have a little house!
To own the hearth and stool and all!
The heaped up sods upon the fire,
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains
And pendulum swinging up and down!
A dresser filled with shining delph,
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,
And fixing on their shelf again
My white and blue and speckled store!

Lord Dunsany brought to public attention a new poet, Francis Ledwidge, whose one volume, *Songs of the Fields,* is full of promise. In October, 1914, he enlisted in Kitchener's first army, and was killed in 1917. Ledwidge's poetry is more conventional than that of most of his Irish contemporaries, and he is at his best in describing natural objects. Such poems as *A Rainy Day in April,* and *A Twilight in Middle March* are most characteristic. But occasionally he arrests the ear with a deeper note. The first four lines of the following passage, taken from *An Old Pain,* might fittingly apply to a personality like that of Synge:

I hold the mind is the imprisoned soul,
And all our aspirations are its own
Struggles and strivings for a golden goal,
That wear us out like snow men at the thaw.
And we shall make our Heaven where we have sown
Our purple longings. Oh! can the loved dead draw
Anear us when we moan, or watching wait
Our coming in the woods where first we met,
The dead leaves falling in their wild hair wet,
Their hands upon the fastenings of the gate?

A direct result of the spiritual influence of A. E. is seen in the poetry of Susan Mitchell. She is not an imitator of his manner, but she reflects the mystical faith. Her little volume, *The Living Chalice,* is full of the beauty that rises from suffering. It is not the spirit of acquiescence or of resignation, but rather

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dauntless triumphant affirmation. Her poems of the Christ-child have something of the exaltation of Christina Rossetti; for to her mind the road to victory lies through the gate of Humility. Here is a typical illustration:

THE HEART'S LOW DOOR

O Earth, I will have none of thee.
Alien to me the lonely plain,
And the rough passion of the sea
Storms my unheeding heart in vain.

The petulance of rain and wind,
The haughty mountains' superb scorn,
Are but slight things I've flung behind,
Old garments that I have out-worn.

Bare of the grudging grass, and bare
Of the tall forest's careless shade,
Deserter from thee, Earth, I dare
See all thy phantom brightness fade.

And, darkening to the sun, I go
To enter by the heart's low door,
And find where Love's red embers glow
A home, who ne'er had home before.

Thomas MacDonagh (1878-1916) was, like so many of the young Irish writers of the twentieth century, both scholar and poet. In 1916 he published a prose critical work, *Literature in Ireland*, in which his two passions, love of art and love of country, are clearly displayed. His books of original verse include *The Golden Joy*, 1906; *Songs of Myself*, 1910, and others. He was a worshipper of Beauty, his devotion being even more religious than æsthetic. The poems addressed to Beauty—of which there are comparatively many—exhibit the familiar yet melancholy disparity between the vision in the poet's soul and the printed image of it. This disparity is not owing to faulty technique, for his management of metrical effects shows ease and grace; it is simply the lack of sufficient poetic vitality. Although his ambition as an artist appears to have been to write great odes and hymns to Beauty, his simple poems of Irish life are full of charm. The *Wishes to My Son* has a poignant tenderness. One can hardly read it without tears. And the love of a wife for "her man" is truly revealed in the last two stanzas of *John-John*.

The neighbours' shame of me began
When first I brought you in;
To wed and keep a tinker man
They thought a kind of sin;
But now this three year since you're gone
'Tis pity me they do,
And that I'd rather have, John-John,
Than that they'd pity you.
Pity for me and you, John-John,
I could not bear.

Oh, you're my husband right enough,
But what's the good of that?
You know you never were the stuff
To be the cottage cat,
To watch the fire and hear me lock
The door and put out Shep—
But there now, it is six o'clock
And time for you to step.
God bless and keep you far, John-John!
And that's my prayer.

Joseph Campbell, most of whose work has been published under the Irish name Seosamh Maccathmhaoil, writes both regular and free verse. He is close to the soil, and speaks the thoughts of the peasants, articulating their pleasures, their pains, and their superstitions. No deadness of conventionality dulls the edge of his art—he is an original man. His fancy is bold, and he makes no attempt to repress it. Perhaps his most striking poem is *I am the Gilly of Christ*—strange that its reverence has been mistaken for sacrilege! And in the little song, *Go, Ploughman, Plough* one tastes the joy of muscle, the revelation of the upturned earth, and the promise of beauty in fruition.

Go, ploughman, plough
The mearing lands,

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The meadow lands:
The mountain lands:
All life is bare
Beneath your share,
All love is in your lusty hands.

Up, horses, now!
And straight and true
Let every broken furrow run:
The strength you sweat
Shall blossom yet
In golden glory to the sun.

In 1917 Mr. Campbell published a beautiful volume, signed with his English name, embellished with his own drawings—one for each poem—called *Earth of Cualann*. Cualann is the old name for the County of Wicklow, but it includes also a stretch to the northwest, reaching close to Dublin. Mr. Campbell's description of it in his preface makes a musical overture to the verses that follow. "Wild and unspoilt, a country of cairn-crowned hills and dark, watered valleys, it bears even to this day something of the freshness of the heroic dawn."

The work of Seumas O'Sullivan, born in 1878, has often been likened to that of W. B. Yeats, but I can see little similarity either in spirit or in manner. The younger poet has the secret of melody and his verses show a high degree of technical excellence; but in these respects he no more resembles his famous countryman than many another master. His best poems are collected in a volume published in 1912, and the most interesting of these give pictures of various city streets, *Mercer Street* (three), *Nelson Street, Cuffe Street*, and so on. In other words, the most original part of this poet's production is founded on reality. This does not mean that he lacks imagination; for it is only by imagination that a writer can portray and interpret familiar scenes. The more widely and easily their veracity can be verified by readers, the greater is the challenge to the art of the poet.

We may properly add to our list the names of two Irish poets who are Americans. Maurice Francis Egan, full of years and honours, a scholar and statesman, giving notable service to America as our Minister to Denmark, has written poetry marked by tenderness of feeling and delicacy of art. His little book, *Songs and Sonnets*, published in 1892, exhibits the range of his work as well as anything that he has written. It is founded on a deep and pure religious faith. . . . Norreys Jephson O'Conor is a young Irish-American, a graduate of Harvard, and has already published three volumes of verse, *Celtic Memories*, which appeared in England in 1913, *Beside the Blackwater*, 1915, and *Songs of the Celtic Past*, 1917. American by birth and residence, of Irish parentage, he draws his inspiration almost wholly from Celtic lore and Celtic scenes. He is a natural singer, whose art is steadily increasing in authority.

It will be seen from our review of the chief figures among contemporary Irish poets that the jolly, jigging Irishman of stage history is quite conspicuous by his absence. He still gives his song and dance, and those who prefer musical-comedy to orchestral compositions can find him in the numerous anthologies of Anglo-Irish verse; but the tone of modern Irish poetry is spiritual rather than hearty.

Whatever may be thought of the appropriateness of the term "Advance of English Poetry" for my survey of the modern field as a whole, there is no doubt that it applies fittingly to Ireland. The last twenty-five years have seen an awakening of poetic activity in that island unlike anything known there before; and Dublin has become one of the lit-

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erary centres of the world. When a new movement produces three men of genius, and a long list of poets of distinction, it should be recognised with respect for its achievement, and with faith in its future.

The subject of Professor Phelps's next article in "The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century" will be Vachel Lindsay and Robert Frost.

THE OULD IRISH LANDLORD

BY CARL McDONALD

MASTHER of the lands was he—cud till it by the looks av him
A-walkin' lightly down the sthreet—his blackthorn stick in hand,
Tipped his hat to all av us—not a bit o' pride in him,
A kindly twinkle in his eye—beloved by all the land.

Ever singin' gaily—an Irish lilt upon his tongue—
A penny for the childer—an' a smile for all galore.
Well do I remember him—his goodness was on ivery tongue,
But now the twinkle in his eye has ceased for ever more.

Many's a year he's dead now—many's an eye was wet for him,
A grand ould Irish gintleman—the grandest in the land,
An' niver more we'll see him—the kindly laughin' eyes o' him,
He's walkin' down the Golden Road—his blackthorn stick in hand.

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SATIRE ON THE AMERICAN STAGE

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

IT HAS frequently been pointed out that the ability to laugh is the only function that distinguishes mankind from all the lower animals. Furthermore, a man's degree of evolution may be measured by the sort of things at which he laughs most heartily. There are many different grades of refinement in the sense of humour,—so many that to codify them all would require the attention of a profound philosopher. I have never read the celebrated essay of M. Henri Bergson on the subject of laughter, and cannot tell—in consequence—whether or not he has covered the field: but this point, at least, is pertinent,—that it is possible to paraphrase an ancient proverb by saying, "Tell me what you laugh at, and I will tell you what you are." If any evidence were needed to confute the utterly unreasonable statement that "all men are created equal," it would be necessary merely to point out that all men do not laugh at the same order of ideas. The Germans laughed when the *Lusitania* went down; and by this laughter they distinguished themselves from the preponderent proportion of mankind.

It is easy enough to laugh at physical eventualities. When a man's feet slip from under him and he falls "with a dull, sickening thud" on the fattest and least vulnerable part of his anatomy, no human observer of the incident can easily suppress a loud guffaw. The appeal of such material is perpetuated in the theatre by the proverbial slap-stick [which the greatest of all comic dramatists did not forbear to use in such farces as *Les Fourberies de Scapin*], and is kept alive forever by an endless race of amply-cushioned actresses like Marie Dressler.

A slightly higher degree of evolution is demanded before a man can learn to laugh at mental accidents. The French—in their reasoned catalogue of criticism—have registered a clear distinction between the *mot de situation* and the *mot de caractère*. To the common mind, it is obviously funny for anyone to fall downstairs; but a greater degree of culture is required to realise the fact that some people may be funnier still if they merely walk downstairs and never fall at all. Of a certain small but very pompous citizen, some happy-minded commentator once remarked that he always seemed to strut while sitting down; and this phrase may be accepted as an illustration of what the French intend by a "quip of character."

But it is still comparatively easy to laugh at someone else; and civilisation may be said to begin at the point when a man becomes capable of laughing also at himself. It is easy to be humourous; it is harder to sustain a sense of humour. It is easy to make fun, at the expense of the other fellow: it is harder to take fun, at the expense of oneself. Some of our greatest humourists have—by common account—been deficient in the receptive sense of humour. I never knew Mark Twain,—although I met him half a dozen times and talked with him as a very young apprentice would naturally talk with an admitted master; but many of his friends have told me that this monumental humourist was incapable of seeing and accepting a joke against himself.

A slightly higher rung upon the ladder is attained when men begin to laugh at words, and at the jugglery of words, instead of laughing merely

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at situations or at people. Words are symbols of ideas; and only a civilised person can see the fun in an idea. When Oscar Wilde permitted one of his puppets to say, "I can resist anything except temptation," he carried laughter into the higher realm of the philosophical abstract.

A still higher realm is reached when the ideas that are laughed at are the very ideas that are held most seriously by the man that leads the laughing. This is the realm of satire,—which must consequently be regarded as the most loftily developed mood of humour. The satirist laughs not only at himself but also at those very thoughts which he regards as the light and leading of his life. A humourist can make a joke; a man endowed with the more subtle sense of humour can see and take a joke against himself; but a satirist can see and make a joke against his very God. Many things in life are holy; but to the satirist the gift of laughter is more sacred than any of the others.

The satirical mood may be illustrated easily by reference to Lord Byron's immense and teeming poem called *Don Juan*. Time after time, in the course of this composition, the poet winged his way aloft on a wind of lyric inspiration,—only to pause suddenly and laugh tremendously at the very incentive that had excited him to eloquence. When I was in my teens, I used to hate this poem, because of Byron's habit of laughing in his loftiest moments and blaspheming [as it seemed to me] against the dictates of his genius; but, in recent years, I have begun to appreciate [and almost to admire] his nimbleness of mind in presenting an august idea from antithetic points of view. Any man can see a subject from one side: but the mark of culture comes when a man is able to see a subject from several sides at once.

The satiric mood demands an extraordinary alertness of intelligence, not only on the part of the humourist, but also on the part of his audience. Mr. Chesterton, for instance, whose essential mood is one of deep religious reverence, has a disconcerting habit of laughing his way into the very presence of his God; and this habit is bewildering to minds that are less cultivated than his own.

As a test of the different degrees of humour, the reader may be recommended to enter any barber's shop and say, with due solemnity, "I desire a diminution of the linear dimension of my capillary appendages." An uncivilised barber will be offended, and may even cause the philosophical experimentor to be ejected from his chaste establishment [for there is nothing more offensive to the common mind than the sort of humour that it cannot understand]; but a civilised barber will say, "Oh hell!,—you mean a hair-cut!," and will proceed, with laughter, to suit his action to your words.

Satire—which may be defined as an irresponsible and happy-hearted toying with ideas—can flourish only in those ages which acknowledge an obeisance to the high ideal of culture. Satire can be conceived and written only by gentlemen—like the Roman Horace, the French Boileau, the English Dryden, or the American Henry James. A man must be distinguished before he can afford to laugh in public against the very things he holds most holy. Also, he must feel assured of the existence of an agile-minded audience to appreciate the perilous gymnastics of his mind.

Our American theatre has long been regarded as an ugly duckling; but a certain sign of promise has been registered by its recent incursion into the unprecedented realm of satire. If our native playwrights can afford to be satirical, a time has come at last when our American theatre may be accepted as a grown-up institution.

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"WHY MARRY?"

The popular success of *Why Marry?*, by Jesse Lynch Williams, obtrudes a hopeful indication that our theatre is becoming civilised. This piece has been published by Charles Scribner's Sons—under the different title, *And So They Were Married:* and it constitutes a contribution not only to the American drama but also to American literature.

Mr. Williams has come forward as a satirist of marriage as a social institution. The defects of marriage are discussed and illustrated from the different points of view of half a dozen various and truthfully imagined characters. The author's art is indicated by his reticence in forbearing to express, *ex cathedra*, an opinion of his own. In answer to his initial question, "Why marry?", he finally says, "Why not?": and this rejoinder is the biggest joke of an unusually lively evening.

Mr. Williams is so much a public figure that it is scarcely necessary to inform the reader that he has been happily married for a score of years and is the father of three sons, one of whom is sufficiently grown-up to be serving now in the navy of the United States. This author, in his own experience, has never had occasion to quarrel with the institution of marriage. Precisely for this reason, he is ready to laugh—with liveliness of mind—at the causes and effects of matrimony. His wit is all the more engaging because it dallies lightly with ideas that are sacred to such persons as himself; and the success of his satire bears witness to a corresponding nimbleness of mind on the part of the theatre-going public.

"THE MADONNA OF THE FUTURE"

No idea is cherished more punctiliously by nine-tenths of humankind than the idea of motherhood: yet this is precisely the point that Mr. Alan Dale has chosen as a target for satirical attack in his playful comedy entitled *The Madonna of the Future*. The heroine of this play is a very rich young woman, unencumbered with relatives, who desires to become a mother but does not desire to be saddled with a husband. In consequence of her convictions, she picks out an apparently eugenic mate and becomes, in due time, the mother of a nameless child. The play deals with her endeavour to reestablish, after this adventure, her position in conventional society, and records her ultimate surrender to that extraneous insistence which demands that she shall marry the father of her child.

Mr. Dale, with agile mind, has dallied lightly with many intimations of immorality; yet his play is sound in thesis and reasonable in its resolution. The author may not care to have the reader furnished with the information that he is himself the father of a successful family: yet this personal point affords an underscoring to the lightness of his laughter.

"THE GIPSY TRAIL"

There is nothing more sacred in life than the miracle of being young. As Stevenson remarked, in his immortal essay on *The Lantern-Bearers*, "A poet has died young in the breast of the most stolid." To recall the poetry of youth and to crown it with the laurel of commemorative laughter is to achieve a satirical endeavour of the highest order. This endeavour has been accomplished by Mr. Robert Housum in *The Gipsy Trail*. In this play, a very young and very foolish hero [as foolishness is reckoned up by men much wearier and wiser than himself] is inspired to dive headlong into life and enjoy a series of madcap and preposterous adventures. Finally, however, the laugh is turned against him when he is caught and tamed and married by an utterly conventional young lady. One trembles to think of the future of this

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ill-assorted couple:—but that is, of course, another story.

The play takes its tone, as well as its title, from the glowing song composed, in the heyday of his young adventuring, by Rudyard Kipling. There is ample evidence, throughout the dialogue, that Mr. Housum has steeped his mind in the collected works of the greatest living master of our English fiction. It is evident also that the author of *The Gipsy Trail* has trained his ear by reading lovingly aloud the chapter entitled *Wayfarers All* in Mr. Kenneth Grahame's *The Wind in the Willows.* These annotations are intended in his praise. Too few of our American playwrights are endowed with ears to hear, or give evidence that they have ever read anything worth reading. Mr. Housum is a graduate of Yale; and New Haven should be proud of his developed literary taste, and his light ability to laugh at many matters that must, perforce, seem sacred to a mind so cultivated as his own.

"JOSEPHINE"

In past years, most of the successful satires that have been shown on the American stage have been written by authors that were not American. The reason for this fact is obvious. A successful satirist—so to speak—must have a grandfather; and the literary lineage of most of our American playwrights cannot be traced back beyond the second generation. In the special realm of satire, our native theatre is still admittedly provincial, and tributary to the primal sources overseas.

Our tardy decision to defend ourselves against the insufferable bestiality of the Huns has led us to regard their friends, the Austrians, as "alien enemies"; but critics of the arts cannot forget the fact that Vienna is, in many respects, a more cultivated capital than New York. Herman Bahr is the second greatest living dramatist of Austria. While regretting his nationality, no theatre-patron in New York who has enjoyed *The Concert* and *The Master* would be willing to deny his manifest ability; and in *Josephine* he has written a satire that is delightful to the civilised intelligence.

No historical idea is more commonly accepted than the image of Napoleon as a sort of super-human hero. This idea is ridiculed by Herman Bahr in *Josephine.* He sets forth, with sufficient plausibility, the leading points in the chronicle of Napoleon's rise to power, and, as each successive incident occurs, laughs lightly at the hero of the narrative. The play contains a memorable scene between Napoleon and the famous actor, Talma. The Corsican adventurer, on the eve of being crowned, realises that he stands in need of lessons in imperial deportment. He sends, therefore, for the noted artist who has never failed to live up to that line of Shakespeare's —"Every inch a king"—to rehearse him in the part that he is called upon by destiny to play. Talma studies his physical peculiarities and limitations, and finally invents the pose and gesture that have come down to posterity—immortalised by many painters—as most definitive of the imperial Napoleon.

The American public is still sufficiently provincial to be bewildered by the satirical intention of a European author who has dared to make a joke of the most tremendous man of modern times. For this reason it seems likely that a New York audience may miss many of the subtle laughs that have been planned and planted by the author of *Josephine.* Napoleon, no doubt, was a very human person and was subject to many of our common frailties. But, to most minds, the image of Napoleon calls up an image of France. And France is not a joke, and nevermore a theme for jesting:—not even among minds more nimbly satirical than any others in the world.

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ECHOES

I. TRIVIA

THE AVIARY

PEACOCK Vanities, great crested Cockatoos of Desire and painted Day-dreams—what a pity it is that all these blue birds of impossible Paradises have such beaks and dangerous claws, that one really has to keep them shut up in their not very cheerful cages.

ACTION

I am no mere thinker, a creature of dreams and imagination. I stamp and post letters, I buy new boot-laces and put them in my boots; and when I set out to get my hair cut, it is with the iron determination of a man of action and intrepid will—of those Cæsars and Napoleons whose footsteps shake the earth.

THE EPITHET

"Occult," "night-wandering," "enormous," "honey-pale,"—

There lay the morning paper unopened—I knew I ought to look at the news, but I was too busy just then trying to find an adjective for the Moon—the magical unheard-of, moony epithet which, could I find or invent it, what then would the earth's conflicts and quakes matter?

IN THE CAGE

"My own view is, my own view"—I vociferate, as a Parrot in the great cage of the world, I hop screeching "My own view is!"—from perch to perch.

REASSURANCE

I look at my overcoat and hat hanging in the hall with reassurance; for although I go out of doors with one ego to-day, when yesterday my individuality was quite different, yet my clothes keep my varying selves buttoned up together, enable these otherwise irreconcilable aggregates of psychological phenomena to pass as one person.

VOICES

"You smoke too much," the still small voice of Conscience mutters; "you are a failure; nobody likes you," Self-Contempt keeps whispering; "What's the good of it all?" sighs Disillusion, like an arid breath from Sahara.

I cannot tell you how these persistent voices bore me; but I can listen all day with grave attention to the plausible and wise voice which with polite but incontrovertible logic keeps on unweariedly proving that all my appetites and inclinations and actions are in the completest harmony with Reason's dictates and the Moral Law. Only I am a little staggered sometimes by the image of myself which this bosom-Jesuit forces on me: can anything of such exceeding brightness, so pure, so noble, so unspotted, really exist, really go on existing in this imperfect world?

Logan Pearsall Smith.

• • •

II. MAKING THE NURSERY SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY

Our Four-Year-Old is profoundly ignorant of history and political experience. He would not distinguish between a Tammany alderman and a justice of the supreme court. He is unaware that there are forty-eight States in the Union, or indeed that such things as States exist, or even the Union itself. The struggles of our forefathers, the founders of the Republic, to establish democracy and overthrow the rule of kings have not

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come within his knowledge. The story would puzzle him. Undoubtedly he would feel aggrieved over the action of those heroic radicals who deprived our country of the trappings of royalty forever.

Kings, in his experience, are invariably wise and good and princesses surpassingly beautiful and princes wonderful and brave. He is pleasantly familiar with their appearance and habits. In fact he can recognise a king at a glance—in his story books. The word democracy is without significance in his young life, but he is most enthusiastic about kings.

Each evening after he has finished his meal and while I am waiting for mine, he sidles up to my chair with the request: "Daddy, read me a story?"

If I agree to this he comes in hugging an armful of multi-coloured volumes, of which he carefully selects one, usually night after night the same one.

"What's this, son?" I exclaim, registering astonishment.

"Henny-Penny," he replies triumphantly, as he scrambles up on my knee.

I read:

"One day a hen was picking peas in a farmyard, under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. 'I must run to tell the king,' she cried.

"So she ran and she ran, till she met a goose," etc.

Now in the world of reality no man, bird or beast who was convinced that the sky was falling would think of running to a king. He might call up the police department, or attempt to get in touch with Washington, or communicate with Mr. Edison or the Standard Oil Company (thereby probably sending the price of gasoline up a notch) or the Associated Press.

I picture to myself a king, seated in state at his evening repast, being interrupted with this intelligence. Probably he would exclaim: "My word, what a bother!" and, after an interval, frowning petulantly over the food, would continue his meal. Or he might turn to his German consort (so many kings seem to be provided with German queens) and remark: "My dear, I am informed the sky is falling. Most annoying, I'm sure." And the lady, biting angrily through a peach stone or chewing up the stem of her wine glass, would reply: "Humph! I don't believe it. It's probably just another British lie," and would hurry through her dinner and go out to distribute Potsdamerei among the officers of the royal army.

At this point in the narrative of Henny-Penny these misanthropic reflections occur to me, but my son is not troubled with them. To him, in the case of some untoward event, it seems most natural to seek the wise aid of some crowned head.

Among the illustrations in our edition of the excellent tale of Henny-Penny is no picture of a king, but usually, as soon as I conclude the reading, the new generation rummages through some other story book and holds up triumphantly for my admiration the likeness of a resplendent individual with crown and sceptre, clad in purple and gold and ermine. "There, daddy! There's the king!" There is a thrill in his voice!

We take up our Mother Goose and find ourselves in a nest of royalty.

> When the pie was opened,
> The birds began to sing.
> Wasn't that a dainty dish
> To set before the king?

On the next page is that jovial inebriate, King Cole, and beyond him the melancholy tale of Humpty Dumpty, whose accident was so serious that even the king's restorative might could not aid him. Even a king, it seems, is unable to unscramble eggs. Just beyond this tragedy we find the itinerant feline:

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Pussy cat, pussy cat,
Where have you been?
I've been to London,
To visit the queen.

Thus we progress from one crowned head to another, and finally, if mother is lenient, we take up Grimm's Fairy Tales, a veritable galaxy of royal personages.

"Then," I read, "the king took Gretel to his palace and celebrated the marriage in great state. And she told the king all her story, and he sent for the fairy and punished her."

Think of having the power of punishment over fairies! The King und Gott! But my son swallows it all complacently. He does not question the divine right of kings.

After he is tucked away in bed I continue to turn the pages musingly.

"Once upon a time two princes went out into the world to seek their fortunes." . . . "Snow-drop and the prince lived and reigned happily over that land for many many years." . . . "One fine evening a young princess went into a wood and sat down by the side of a cool spring of water. She had a golden ball in her hand, which was her favourite plaything, and she amused herself by tossing it into the air and catching it." The idle-rich hussy! . . . "A certain king had a beautiful garden, and in the garden stood a tree which bore golden apples."

Of course the Brothers Grimm were of that race which our most respected newspaper editors love to refer to as Huns, butchers and barbarians. Probably they didn't know any better than to celebrate kings and queens and their offspring. If the trouble were with the Grimm book alone, it could be easily disposed of. But the other volumes in the nursery library are tainted to an equal extent with the obsession of royalty. In a world wherein we are pouring out our blood and treasure that democracy may live safely and rule, our children scarcely out of the cradle are being made into staunch little monarchists.

What are we going to do about it? How can we make the nursery safe for democracy?

Probably it is impossible at this time to abolish autocracy from the literature of childhood. Kings and queens are too deeply rooted there. Long after the last throne has fallen and the last monarch has become merely an unpleasant item of historical record, little boys will be devouring tales of kingly adventure and little girls will be thrilled with stories of millers' daughters and butchers' girls and woodcutters' wenches who are wed by princes and live happily ever after. (In real life the daughters of some of our best-known millers and packinghouse millionaires and lumber magnates have married princes and the like, only to find their unions neither happy nor permanent.)

Once you delete royalty from the nursery stories, you rob them of their charm and glamour. Reduce them to reality and you make them unintelligible to the juvenile hearer. Take the lines

The money-king was in his counting house,
Counting out our money;
The mayor was on the roof garden,
Dancing with his honey.

Here you have both rime and reason, but the metre has suffered and the story has entered the puzzling realm of American politics and finance.

For many nights without success I have projected my intelligence into the task of writing a democratic Mother Goose and democratic fairy tales. I have lain awake cogitating the problem. Last night, after tossing restlessly, I fell into a slumber troubled with ghastly dreams, and in one of them I was reading to my son a revised version of Henny-Penny.

"One day a hen was picking peas

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in a farmyard under a pea-stack, when a pea fell on her head with such a thump that she thought the sky was falling. 'I must run to tell the President,' she cried.

"So she ran and she ran until she met the Postmaster General. . . ."

Obviously this sort of stuff will not do. It shows a loss of the charm of the original autocratic narrative, with probably no corresponding gain in democratic feeling.

The substance of the folk legends of the nursery can no more be changed than the mythology of Greece or Scandinavia. We must concede to our infants their kings and princesses along with their giants and witches and fairies, trusting that as the young minds mature they will realise that the royal persons of the stories are compounded of the same stuff of unreality as the hobgoblins. There are no such animals.

Conscientious democratic parents can easily prove this, when the time comes, by calling the child's attention to photographs of really-truly royalties in the illustrated magazines. The picture of some vacuous king, discreetly bearded to hide his recessional features, pinning a medal on a mutilated soldier and saying: "I only regret that you have but two legs to lose for my country," or whatever the court chamberlain or press agent has told him to say—this is a great help in weaning the child from monarchism. A similar purpose is served by the photograph of a typical princess, whose hat and features alike seem so unfortunately chosen, opening a Red Cross bazaar with the words "Eeney meeney miney mo," or some appropriate phrase of similar meaning.

Of course the disillusion must not be made too abruptly, or the child might do himself some injury.

Harold Kellock.

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LIBERALIST*

BY LUTHER E. ROBINSON

"WHEN we see a soul," says Emerson, "whose acts are regal and graceful and pleasant as roses, we must thank God such things can be and are." When a great book appears, garnering into the world's treasure-house the ripe fruitage of a long rich experience for the delight of souls coming after, civilisation is the grateful gainer. Such a book is Lord Morley's *Recollections*. These two handsome volumes contain the modestly written account of his distinguished career as a man of letters, as *confrère* of men eminent for their liberalisation of the human mind, and as public servant long devoted to the social improvement of the state. In the midst of the daily journalisation of world-wide dissonance, a work like this comes among us like a fostering voice of culture to render the "feelings more sane, pure, and permanent."

Native of Blackburn in Lancashire, Morley was educated at Oxford, where he just missed the tutelage of Mark Pattison and where Connington, Stanley, Mansel, and Goldwin Smith were among his instructors. There also he came under the liberalising speech of Cotter Morison, a senior commoner, who, we are told, brought more than one undergraduate into contact with the awakening ideas of Carlyle, Emerson, and Comte. Morley took his degree in 1859, a time of tense mental atmosphere in England. Darwin, Buckle, Tennyson, and Ruskin were among those producing the literature of a new era of thought. The spirit of liberalism, which had proved too potent for the Tractarians, called for a definition of knowledge based upon scientific inquiry and radical thinking. Gladstone, following the impress of Peel, was breaking away from his earlier conservatism to become the protagonist of a more democratic order in political life. In the field of thought Mill's doctrines vindicated the compatibility between liberty and discipline. Carlyle had given impulse to the study of German literature and history, and Comtism had become a cult among certain English intellectuals whom the young Oxonian was shortly to count among his intimate friends. Morley "revelled" in the books of Victor Hugo and felt the warm glow of Mazzini. The genius of George Sand served him as a "stirring rebuke to the loitering quietism of the brain," and George Eliot kindled his enthusiasm for her "wide and profound culture." He makes acknowledgments to the books of Adam Smith, of Bentham, Maine, and Turgot; but for "practical principles in the strategy and tactics of public life" he admits his chief indebtedness to Burke. "Well might Macaulay exclaim, 'The greatest man since Milton.'"

Finding the law unalluring, Morley became a journalist. For fifteen years he was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* and served in similar capacity on the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Macmillan's Magazine*. His editorial posts brought him into intimate and sympathetic relations with Swinburne, Meredith, Gabriel Rossetti, Bagehot, Huxley, Pater, Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold, Frederic Harrison, and others active in visualising and shaping the more progres-

*Recollections. By Lord Morley. New York: The Macmillan Company. In two volumes. $7.50.

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sive mental and moral conceptions of the Victorian age. These friends stood for the "spirit of liberalism in its most many-sided sense." Under the mirror of their independent criticism traditional beliefs were interrogated and the new theories of science were examined under the militant rationalism of the day. Huxley probably denoted the intellectual altruism of these battling agnostics as clearly as any in his feeling that "there is no alleviation for the sufferings of mankind except veracity of thought and action, and the resolute facing of the world as it is, when the garment of make-believe, by which pious hands have hidden its uglier features, is stripped off."

Uniting him with this powerful circle of diverse minds and talents was the author's indubitable spirit of friendship. He has possessed a genius for maintaining *affection mutuelle* with those whose intellectual conclusions clashed in action with his own. His keen and generous discernment of excellence gives fascination to his critical judgments. Representative of this is his estimate of Meredith. None knew better than that abstemious philosopher of life that his books could make no popular appeal. Yet his "brave faith in good," says Lord Morley, "in the rise of good standards . . . made him a teacher of many a sane and wholesome lesson, among those who had the happiness to be his friends, long years before the world found out the fire and strength and richness of his genius." Similarly with John Stuart Mill. At Blackheath Morley often shared the table-talk of Mill in company with other intellectuals, among whom were Herbert Spencer, Grote, Froude, Charles Kingsley, Faucett, and Louis Blanc. "What gave value to his talk . . . was mental discipline at least as much as his tenets." Mill's generalisations were usually well freighted; for example, this pregnant remark: "The future of mankind will be gravely imperilled if great questions are left to be fought out between ignorant change and ignorant opposition to change." His quality of quickening other minds is apparent in advice to Morley like this: "Keep yourself in the fresh air of the world; do your best in the world's affairs; study the active rather than the passive; do not be an ergoteur, but take pains for clear and limpid expression."

Morley's friendship for Joseph Chamberlain began in 1873, the year of Mill's death. The commensal discourse under Chamberlain's roof at Birmingham, where other guests included Mazzini, Carlyle, and Emerson, was not "brilliant contention, but fruitful co-operation in thought and knowledge for plain common ends." Popular education, municipal life, and "religious equality above all," were among the themes discussed. Unlike many others, Chamberlain had not been brought up in an atmosphere of books. His politics came to him from penetrating observation of his environment. Under his inspiration Morley began his Parliamentary career in 1883. In spite of their unfailing mutual regard, they gradually drifted apart politically. Morley's friendliness to the Home Rule programme never fitted with the imperialistic philosophy of the Birmingham statesman; it agreed with Gladstone's views and led to their political alliance and personal friendship, which endured to the end. A touch of pathos glows underneath the Greek-like restraint and directness with which is told the story of Gladstone's final discomfiture over his last Home Rule measure and the *impasse* in the Cabinet which brought about his retirement from political life and leadership. Mrs. Gladstone importuned Morley to tell her how matters stood. "The poor lady was not in the least prepared for the actual stroke. . . . What a curious scene! Me breaking to her

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that the pride and glory of her life was at last to face eclipse, that the curtain was falling on a grand drama of fame, power, acclamation." Another political current had already set in, antagonistic to the old leader's Irish and peace policies. The new ideal was imperialistic, and one of its most significant moves was the exchange of Heligoland for Zanzibar. On this event Lord Morley refrains from comment.

To the Gladstone-Morley school of politics this new ideal was portentous. Out of it grew the Boer War, which Morley denounced in the face of a determined popular sentiment in its favour. It enlarged the military establishment in the interest of imperial defence. The Foreign Office acquired greater power of self-direction. Morley as head of the Indian Office, maintaining the generous principles he had employed as Secretary for Ireland and sympathising with the native aspirations of the imperial population, knew nothing of what was passing in the diplomatic office. His correspondence with Lord Minto, Indian Viceroy, introduced at this point in the *Recollections*, contains no reference to foreign events beyond a notice of the German Emperor's visit to London in 1907. This visit he describes as an event which would "much improve the chances of a little decent calm all over Europe." Almost in vain, too, the reader of these instructive pages waits for some comment upon the present world conflict, whose beginning led to Lord Morley's voluntary withdrawal from political responsibility. The meagre statement touching the matter contains a piquant reminder that the "new Liberalism" in power at the opening of the war had proved no more "fertile than the respectable old;" that its representatives had broken down, "or thought they had (1915) and could discover no better way out of their scrape than to seek deliverance (not without a trace of arbitrary proscription) from the opposing party that counted Liberalism, old or new, for dangerous and deluding moonshine."

More characteristic of the writer's genial moods is the impressive question he frankly raises whether the influence of Liberalism in the "civilised world" has been "so much more potent than the gospel of the various churches"? The question baffles, for he finds that diplomacy is "as able as ever it was to dupe governments and governed by grand abstract catchwords veiling obscure and inexplicable purposes, and turning the whole world over with blood and tears to a strange Witches' Sabbath." As a matter of fact Lord Morley's England felt the powerful leaven of both Liberalism and religion as they have united to advance the ideals and practices of an enlightened and progressive democracy. He is more accurate in his estimate of Liberalism than Arnold was, or could be, fifty years ago. His appraisement of the Victorian period is the most satisfactory that has yet been written:

> Some ages are marked as sentimental, others stand conspicuous as rational. The Victorian age was happier than most in the flow of both these currents into a common stream of vigorous and effective talent. New truths were welcomed in free minds, and free minds make brave men. Old prejudices were disarmed. Fresh principles were set afloat, and supported by right reasons. The standards of ambition rose higher and purer. Men learned to care more for one another. The rational prevented the sentimental from falling into pure emotional. It was Bacon who penned that deep appeal from thought to feeling. "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." This of the great Elizabethan was one prevailing note in our Victorian age. The splendid expansion and enrichment of Toleration and all the ideas and modes that belong to Toleration was another.

In these *Recollections* autobiography as such is artistically subdued.

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Self-predication is everywhere subordinated to the interpretation of his age and its leading forces and personalities. His tastes and character, his ideals and his achievements, are delightfully reflected in the wide range of serious literature he draws upon to illustrate the changing scene of life as he has seen and lived it. His method is that of the literary workman setting down, in the spirit of intellectual repose, the more striking and essential events of a long and supremely inviting experience, from the heights of a detached and unclouded eminence. He is one of the last survivors of a great circle of personages to whom scholarship and reason stood as the guides of a creative and disinterested social service. They sought to make their conception of civilisation prevail, and were in large measure successful. That conception at heart is "Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual . . . pursuit of social good against class interest and dynastic interest." In public life Lord Morley opposed the extension of the imperial frontiers; he preferred to strengthen, through benevolent measures, the human interests already under the broad lines of the imperial ægis. Probably he did not clearly discern upon the horizon the greater struggle yet in store for the very principle of Liberalism to which he had devoted his own great talents. Be this as it may, he has made a rich and noble contribution to life. Like the eminent Roman essayist and statesman to whose higher tastes and virtues his own bear a marked resemblance, he may truly write, *Diu multumque vixi.*

SNAP-SHOTS OF FOREIGN AUTHORS: FRANCE

BY RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER

THE sanctum of your mind
Must be an enchanting spot
For eclectics to luxuriate:
Athanasius communing with Renan,
Joan of Arc gossiping with Thaïs,
Rabelais jesting with Paracelsus—
A gathering gorgeous with irony
But manipulated without discords
Like a Liszt fantasy
Played by Joseph Hofmann.

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THE OXFORD METHOD*

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR

AMONG other things that the war is doing to America is the awakening of many people to an indignant realisation of how completely our educational ideals and methods have been handed over to German influence. Only now are we beginning to appreciate fully the slavish imitation of all things German which has, in the past, characterised American educational theory. But the effect of the war is not limited to this. It is also bringing to a head a feeling, long slowly crystallising before the war, of extreme dissatisfaction with the results this German imported system has brought.

This discontent has evinced itself in two ways, as regards our universities particularly. First, against the curriculum proper, in a belief that both the elective system and the conceptions of education behind it are mistaken and ineffectual. Second, in an increasing revolt against college athletics, the importance they have assumed, the manner of their administration, and the spirit in which they are pursued. With these and kindred matters this volume of essays deals illuminatingly. The fruit of a Rhodes scholarship and of several years' practical experience with the problems of college education here, these studies cannot be neglected by serious students of the subject. For the layman as well they afford invaluable assistance in gauging the trouble and finding the remedy.

What has Oxford to teach us in solving our own problems and in readjusting our educational values? Let us take athletics first. In his essay on *Spectators and Sport* Mr. Aydelotte lays his finger most discerningly on the root of the whole trouble. It is the spectator. Stop and think a moment, and it will immediately be plain that American university sport is really built up around the spectator. For him is the enormous paraphernalia now surrounding games. He has made college athletics a tremendous way of advertising. He has made it so important to win. He has given rise to the huge financial side of the system. But, the author points out, "games run for the benefit of the spectators always degenerate morally, for the reason that the spectator is irresponsible morally and demands that his team win at any cost." Games not run for the benefit of the crowd tend naturally to be clean.

Why are the spectators bad sportsmen? Because most of them have not been trained in sport.

> The great value of sport is not physical, but moral. It teaches a man—or woman—that he—or she—should play the game squarely, that it is better to lose a gentleman's game than to win a mucker's. It teaches respect and admiration for good play on the other side; it teaches self-control and decency. . . . The great value of sport is to develop these qualities, and to give men the habit of them in intense situations.

These qualities the crowd too often does not possess, especially when emotionally excited. The way out is not so much to abolish the crowd as to educate each member of it morally by individual training in sport. That is Oxford's lesson for us. We must make the spectator a sportsman also, by making sports universal. Only then will our *athletics* be *sport,* or

*The Oxford Stamp and Other Essays, by Frank Aydelotte. New York: Oxford University Press, American Branch. $1.20.

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anything but the highly specialised pursuits of the few for the amusement of the many.

On the scholastic side, what Oxford has to give us is perhaps a matter more of spirit than form. "It is her best," the author says in his first essay, "that we Americans should strive to understand and to appropriate." Some things we should learn:

> One is to make our social life an interchange of ideas, and thus give it an intellectual value which it often has not at present. . . . [Another] is so to alter the administration of our courses as to put more emphasis upon individual effort, to make our programmes less pretentious and more thorough, to force our undergraduates to study subjects rather than merely to take up courses, to lay emphasis upon thought rather than information, which is, after all, the secret of education.

It is no mere imitation that Mr. Aydelotte advises. He realises that any system we set up, in order to be valid, must be representative, expressive of American needs and conditions. We have had enough of importations. Yet even some of the actual methods in use at Oxford might well be adopted, and Mr. Aydelotte in several interesting essays relates his experience as professor of English at Massachusetts Institute of Technology, in making English studies more like Humane Letters.

But perhaps the best of the essays is *The Religion of Punch*. Punch he defines as bluff raised to a higher power. "It survives 'calling'—at least for a generation." It is not so much "the faculty of getting results as of getting the appearance of them." The present confusion in education gives the man with punch his opportunity. He is a real menace to the right development of our educational institutions, a danger all the greater in this time of ferment.

Whether the Rhodes scholarships have been a success is a question that has been much asked. It cannot be justly answered yet, but the time is approaching when it can be. For much depends on returned Rhodes men, and American Oxonians generally, in the coming reconstruction of our educational system and revaluation of values. Against the religion of punch, with its charlatanism and flashiness, its catchwords of "efficiency," "scientific management" and "practical methods" must be triumphantly opposed the realities of education:—honesty, thoroughness, solidity, faith in substance more than form, thought rather than administrative machinery. If we learn that the main purpose of education is to train men how to use their minds, how to think, and think for themselves; if we come to see that information, accumulation of facts, is only a means (neither the sole nor maybe the best) toward this end; if we make power of thought our aim rather than so-called practical knowledge or the learning of some trade or vocation (sure that if we teach our children to use their minds, they will soon become good mechanics, or something better than mechanics)—the Rhodes scholarships will not have been in vain. For these things, despite all faults and shortcomings, Oxford and the Oxford spirit stand for.

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TROTSKI*

LEO BRAUNSTEIN, better known as Trotski, was born in Odessa some forty years ago of a Jewish family. Because of his name and the embarrassment which he has caused to Great Britain he is currently reported in this country to be a German Jew, who found it convenient to hide his identity under an assumed Russian name. His original name really proves that his family did not come from Germany, and the new name was meant to disguise his person, not his race or extraction.

Braunstein is one of those innumerable names, compounded of German, common to Jews in Eastern Europe. At the time when Poland was partitioned, most Polish Jews had no family names, but were simply known by their personal names and patronymics—as Abraham, son of Moses, or Isaac, son of Solomon. The Prussian and Austrian officials, who in 1795 obtained dominion also over what is now known as Russian Poland, manufactured names by the thousand for the Jews, going through the whole gamut of flowers, animals, colours, and stones, sometimes venturing to the best of their German taste upon attempts at humour. If a Jew's name is Offenbach or Hildesheimer or Speyer, one may assume that his family has come from one of the Rhenish towns, but if it is Blumenduft (scent of flowers) or Unterleibsgeschwür (abdominal ulcer—an authentic case!), it is clear that an ancestor of his was the object of German mockery, or of subsequent Russian imitation. If such a man goes to Germany he will immediately be recognised by the true Teuton as an East-European Hebrew under his name, and he has to travel all the way to England before he is conceded the status of a full-blown German or of a German Jew.

Braunstein-Trotski had no reason to hide his race, which was a matter of complete indifference to the Socialists among whom he has spent his life. Names for special use in party activities, the so-called "party names," were assumed by Jewish and Gentile revolutionaries alike, and the tale which they tell is of the years which, for the sake of an ideal, these men have spent without a home and without a real name—hunted beasts, hiding their identities from the most highly organised secret police in the world. When Leo Braunstein chose his "party name" he naturally did not feel bound to imitate the humour or the scientific methods of the German officials who had labelled his ancestors; yet the name Trotski still suggests a Jewish origin to the average Russian, for it is derived from the town of Troki, in the very heart of the old Jewish Pale.

When a student of the Juridical Faculty at Odessa, Trotski joined the Socialist movement. Some revolutionary *fracas* or conspiracy led to his expulsion from the University and started him on his career of Socialist propaganda, diversified by years in Siberia and in prison. The men of the Russian revolution are now frequently described in Western Europe as "wind-bags" or "talkers" by people who have never known Russian prisons or Siberia. Let them read the gruesome story of Maria Spiridonova, which at one time made the whole civilised world shudder (the recent Peasants' Congress at Petrograd elected Maria Spiridonova its

*From *The New Europe*, London, January 17, 1918.

The English spelling of the proper names has been retained in this article.—*Editor's Note.*

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president). Or let them read Leo Deutsch's *Reminiscences of Siberia* or any other lives from that new martyrology. There has been horror in the past experience of these men and women; a madness has been engendered by it and a fanaticism which alone has enabled them to endure all things and conquer in the end.

In Trotski the fanatic is much less conspicuous than in most Bolshevik leaders. Socialism supplies him with an outlook rather than with doctrines. He is clear-sighted, he understands the logic of events, the force of ideas, their uncompromising nature, and the need for simplicity and cogency in political thinking. Where minor men are unbending from pedantry, experience forbids Trotski to compromise where principles are concerned. He knows the only terms on which one can fight with the arms of the spirit against material weapons, and he knows how to capture the man behind the machine gun instead of countering the two in their own kind. In 1905 he fought autocracy and succumbed —the Russian army had remained with the Czar; twelve years later it went over to the revolution. In July he fought Kerenski and succumbed; the army was with his rival. In November he won without having raised or armed new forces. He is now trying the same game on Germany, nay, on the entire world—each man has only one method of acting, just as he has only one face.

Can Trotski win this time? He will undoubtedly succumb again, but the seed will have been sown. That quaint idea of "the dictatorship of the proletariat" will remain, a burning sign to those who have a sense of wrong; it is not democracy which the Bolsheviks aim at, but "a turn of the wheel"—the rule of the downtrodden. They address to the upper classes what Meredith calls "the parent question of humanity": "Am I thy master or thou mine?" If their sign is to endure, if their teachings are to work in the consciousness of the masses, they must remain pure. For ideas, compromise with reality means a kind of decay; it is like the decay of fruit at seed time; if the fruit perishes when the seed is still immature, the loss is unredeemed and uncompensated. Conservatism is the philosophy of reality; revolution results from the logic of ideas.

If Trotski compromises, he is lost; if he does not, he is probably lost too —which few men are likely to regret more than he himself. He is not a calm, iron ascetic with a deeply human heart and an inhuman mind, like Lenin. His *naturel* has proved too strong even for the long schooling of Russian revolutionary life. Trotski enjoys life, loves pleasure, is very ambitious and rather vain; he cares for Trotski and thinks a deal of him, so much indeed that at moments this foolhardy fighter becomes accessible to doubt and fear. He enjoys power and has a sense of humour, and the humour of power seems to appeal to him almost as much as its responsibility (this also fits him admirably for dealing with European Chancelleries). There is nothing of the pathos about him which attached to Kerenski, the Hamlet of the Russian revolution. He will make himself respected, men shall reckon with him, the world must not forget Trotski or leave him out of account. He imposes himself on it by his cleverness and energy. These qualities have served him well with crowds and with women. To vain men no one can replace success on the wider stage so well as women; they are the perfect audience for "Kings in Babylon."

Trotski has been poor all his life. He has lived in garrets, has starved, and yet has thought of how the world should be ruled. He knows what life is to those cast into the outer darkness. Easeful pleasure is suited

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for men who safely possess; destruction is the instinct, the living art and the wild joy of the dispossessed—the dark, cynical, defiant face of Michael Angelo's statue of Brutos menaces the exquisite and aristocratic beauty of Leonardo da Vinci. As Trotski has been poor all his life, the usual stories are now told of his having been bribed by the Germans. "German agent" is the most appropriate label for anyone who does not suit us. The curse of being a politician and poor is temptation, and next, that even if the man resists temptation, there is circumstantial evidence to suggest the opposite. The only temptation which approaches the rich politician and to which he duly succumbs is that of giving bribes—he "nurses" his constituency, subscribes to party funds, ends by buying hereditary legislative power in the House of Lords and remains "respectable—damned respectable."

Trotski achieved prominence for the first time during the revolution of 1905. Nosar ("party name": Hrustalev), an insignificant person, was chairman of the Central Sovjet. Trotski, his assistant, supplied the brains of the movement, and it was with him that the Prime Minister, Count Witte, negotiated previous to the publication of the October Manifesto. After the collapse of the revolution, Trotski sought refuge abroad and relapsed into comparative obscurity. Unequalled as an agitator, a speaker, a man of action, Trotski is not the leader for a persecuted creed who could fortify them in their devout prayers in the Catacombs, or—to give the Russian-Socialist equivalent—take part with all seriousness in their sterile discussions in exile. Trotski's socialism is sincere, his very temperament is revolutionary socialism, he is carried away by it. He thinks through his temperament. In the white heat of abstract passion he sees issues with a logical consistency such as cannot be attained in the everyday perception of reality, when comparatively small accidents of environment compete with the ideas which are the work of the speculative human understanding. To Trotski socialism and its creed have become his world, and he could hardly live or act outside their sphere. But the theoretical differences between the various socialist groups were unessential to him at a time when as yet none of their doctrines could give rise to action. His restless ambition, his excitable temper, his desire for action, made him shift from one Socialist group to another, while blind zeal and lack of humour made other men persevere and attain leadership. Trotski finished by being called "the morass" by those strong in faith—the uncertain, dangerous ground between the immovable mountains.

August, 1914, found him in Paris. His first move was an attack on the German Socialists for having voted war-credits. During the next two years he edited a Russian Socialist paper. Toward the end of 1916 the French Government, to disembarrass itself of Trotski, decided to put him across the Swiss frontier; it seemed that there he would remain high and dry till the end of the war. He succeeded, however, in getting himself sent to Spain instead, and thence embarked for America. To one born in bondage, chained in his youth, exiled in his manhood, the revolution was the sign that the days of sterile misery had come to an end. Not yet! By order of the British authorities Trotski was forcibly taken off a homeward-bound Norwegian steamer and interned at Halifax. Those few weeks of detention in Nova Scotia did not kill him; but, as Machiavelli, puts it—*si vendicano gli uomini delle leggiere offese; delle gravi non possono.* The remembrance of wrong done to his own person rendered more pointed Trotski's action for the release of Cicerin. Yet the

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first document compromising to the German Government which he selected for publication was a letter from the Kaiser to the Czar, complaining of the asylum accorded to revolutionaries in Great Britain, and proposing joint representations on that subject. Trotski thus reminded his comrades of the time when Prussia had offered itself as an assistant to their hangmen, and when it was Prince Bülow, not the *Morning Post*, who sneered at "Silberfarb" and "Mandelstamm"! Not even our most God-forsaken official underlings with a *flair* for the psychological moment, when petty chicanery creates the maximum of irritation, can altogether wipe out the memory of those other days.

The pre-revolutionary opposition in the Duma was political; the revolution which broke out in the streets, social. The Cadets aimed at constitutional reform and at a more efficient prosecution of the war. They could not give the sign for active revolt lest it should interfere with the conduct of the war. The revolution was made by men to whom the war was not the first concern. The Cadets joined it after the day was won. The peasantry and army cried out for land and peace. The Cadets desired to go on with the war till victory was won and to check social revolution. These were two irreconcilable programmes. Kerenski tried to reconcile them. He wanted all classes to unite, to offer sacrifices and to have confidence in each other. The masses were to submit to the leadership and discipline of the educated *bourgeoisie*, suffer yet further in a war of which they hardly understood the meaning, and trust to the upper classes not to use in future their regained power for preventing the social revolution. The upper classes were to work cheerfully, viewing with equanimity the certain doom in store for them on the conclusion of peace. Kerenski's endeavours were met with opposition, nay, with direct *sabotage*, from the Right and the Left, and with scant understanding among the Western Allies. His attempt broke down.

Then came Trotski's day and burden. With him and the Bolsheviki the strangest factor has entered the war—a belligerent power to whom war on national lines has neither sense nor meaning. The only war which they understand is between classes, and that war knows no frontier. It is not peace which they carry to the world but strife; they are militants, but in a different dimension. Could Trotski raise, arm, and officer a sufficiently big army he would menace, not the Central Powers alone but all the bourgeois governments of the world; though he would probably try to avoid fighting their armies in battles which indiscriminately sacrifice bourgeois and proletarians. He naturally demands complete self-determination for all nationalities throughout the world—which implies, among other things, the end of German imperialism, the complete disruption of the Habsburg Monarchy and of the Turkish Empire (one has to come to England to find socialists or "democrats" who from sheer controversial perversity become champions of such dynastic creations!). But to Trotski self-determination is merely one aspect of a much wider problem. "Why should people object so strongly to the dominion of one nation over another," the Bolshevik would say, "and yet within the same nation admit that one man should be born in economic subjection to another man? Why talk about 'submerged nationalities' and be silent about submerged classes?" To the Bolsheviks the different ideas of possession and dominion are but parts of one organic whole of which the vital nerve may be destroyed by a violent blow, but which it is almost impossible to transform by degrees. Evolution comes after revolution to eliminate

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the moribund forms by a gradual process. That is why systems survive revolutions and yet cannot be killed apart from revolution. As Grillparzer put it in 1848, referring to the constitutional problem raised by the French Revolution:

"Das ist der Zeiten bittere Not
Der Widerspruch der schwer zu heben,
Dass die Monarchie wohl tot,
Aber die Monarchen leben."

Most of Trotski's ideas are incomprehensible to the illiterate masses in the armies and peasantry of Russia which have raised him to power. They want peace because they are tired of fighting, not because they hold any particular views on international relations. They desire to expropriate the rich without any clear idea of the condition which is to supplant the order they destroy. The immense, almost inconceivable, suffering inflicted on the Russian peasant-soldier during the first three years of the war by the criminal callousness and corruption of the *ancien régime* has resulted in a psychological catastrophe—a disappearance of military and social discipline unequalled in history, and a collapse of routine and tradition, the framework of everyday life. The intellectual revolutionaries sail in the storm and their sails rise over the waves, in appearance a triumphant sign of the storm itself. Yet they have no real control over the blind elemental forces which cannot be disciplined, least of all by the revolutionaries themselves. For if Trotski tried to coerce them and succeeded in that attempt—which in reality is impossible—he would break the very spirit and force of the revolution. He is not the man for such work.

Without an army at his command, with a country plunged in anarchy and demanding peace, with masses only very dimly comprehending the meaning of the events which now unfold, Trotski has to face the Teutonic power. It would seem that he is at their mercy. And yet a dark fear haunts his opponents. There is the suffering and despair of their own peoples, their craving for peace, their rage, which, hitherto silent, may any moment burst out in a desperate cry. They, too, have heard the watchword about "the rule of the downtrodden" and "the turn of the wheel." It is to them that Trotski speaks over the heads of their rulers. What do the starving German masses care for dominion over other races? Has not enough blood been shed; are the maimed and crippled too few in number? Trotski speaks sincerely about peace. Russia sets all her nations free. She threatens nobody. If peace negotiations break down, will anyone believe that it was through Russia's fault? German and Austrian statesmen wriggle, they manœuvre for positions; they make the most amazing professions of principle and contradict them in the same breath, they try to set themselves right in the eyes of their peoples. Trotski unmasks their game and analyses aloud each move they make. The scene is almost grotesque. As Dr. Harold Williams put it in one of his Petrograd despatches, the Germans "are in the position of the mediæval knight, playing a weird game of chess with supernatural powers."

If the war continues, what can the German Government do? Can it risk ordering its armies across the undefended Russian front? Will they obey? Will they attack the country which was the first to offer peace? Perhaps. But if the Germans get to Russia—again, what can they do? They cannot coerce Russia. Revolutionary Russia is already a nightmare to them, and even from their own country Germany's rulers cannot eliminate any more the forces and ideas which the war has set in motion.

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EARTH

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

THIS is the Earth.

Brown clogged and dull,
Turned in wet, sticky furrows,
It sleeps in the still evening
Of some late autumn day.

Ages ago tides rose against it,
And heaped it thus in shelving folds,
And monstrous scaly creatures
Swam through those tides;

Ages ago men hunted on it,
Seeking amid the frozen spaces,
For furs and food;

Ages ago men settled on it,
Emerging from the forests
Driving the cattle before them;

Ages ago men fought for it,
Struggled and died
For foothold in these scanty fields.

And now at last
The earth cries out for food,
This slave of man has too long given its harvests,
It asks the life it gave be yielded back to it.

In the autumn evening,
You can hear it plainly,
The cry of the ancient earth.

Moaning and tossing,
Under the heavy steel rain that falls on it from heaven;
Crying for blood, blood to make fertile
Its growing barrenness.

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POETS MILITANT

BY JESSIE B. RITTENHOUSE

I

ARE poets dreamers and impractical folk, shirking the real business of life? No better answer could be made to this query than the roll call of those who have exchanged the singer's robes for the khaki. As far as America is concerned, and considering the brief time we have been in the war, our roll of poet-soldiers is one to be reckoned with.

First in point of time, or surely among the first, to spring to the ranks was Joyce Kilmer. Just beyond the draft age and with a little family, Uncle Sam not only had no legal claim upon him but would probably have hesitated to take him from more immediate obligations; but this did not deter one whose blood beat to a martial as well as lyric strain, and not waiting to go through an officer's training, he cast in his lot with the million others whose distinction is in service alone.

Joining first the Seventh Regiment of New York, he remained in it for part of the period of his training, but coming to suspect that the Seventh might, according to its tradition, be content to achieve its glory elsewhere than on the field,—he succeeded in getting transferred to the "Rainbow Division," with the Irish Regiment, formerly famous as the "Fighting Sixty-ninth." This proved a shrewd guess, as the Seventh is still at Spartanburg while the "Rainbow Division," with its Irish contingent, has been for some months in France.

To follow Mr. Kilmer through the exigencies of war will be possible only when we have the record, which is eventually to come, of his experiences "From Mineola to Flanders." This will make excellent reading, as a decade of training in journalism has given him not only the essential but the picturesque approach to a subject. Indeed Mr. Kilmer's career in the decade in question has covered not only journalism but so varied a list of other pursuits that it is not strange that adventure is in his blood and that he is ready to break a lance in still another field. Bookseller, lexicographer, college teacher, editor of a religious journal, critic, interviewer, lecturer and poet,—he has crowded so much into a brief span that when to it he adds experience of the trenches, he will be able to say with Byron,

> For I had the share of life which might have filled a century
> Before its fourth in time had passed me by.

The last thing before leaving for France, Mr. Kilmer read the proofs of his new book of verse, *Main Street, and Other Poems*, issued as an autumn publication. The collection is perhaps unduly weighed down with religious poems, which are not his best, although the sonnets are excellent, but who can resist the whimsical charm of *A Blue Valentine* or the human note of *Roofs*, or of *The Snow-Man in the Yard?* If childhood, domestic love, and religion have inspired most of the poems in Mr. Kilmer's volume, that is not to say that they are less authentic, for where shall one find more legitimate themes than childhood, domestic love and religion? We should like to pause by the way to quote from the book, but it will lead us too far from our theme of "Poets Militant."

Robert Haven Schauffler, of *Scum-o'-the-Earth* fame, was also among the earliest to volunteer. After getting his commission as Second Lieu-

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tenant, he was assigned to Camp Meade, where he is now teaching in the Officers' Training School, but hoping soon to see more active service. Arthur Davison Ficke, who is an officer in the Ordnance Department, has been more fortunate and has already been several months in France. He was recently sent back to America on an important mission, but has returned to the front. William Rose Bénet has entered the Aviation Corps, most fitting for a poet, and is now at San Antonio, learning to mount upon other wings than song. Charles Buxton Going, forsaking the editorial desk, is giving his valuable knowledge of engineering to the Government and is now a major in that department. J. E. Spingarn, whose volume, *Creative Criticism*, is the most valuable contribution to this subject made in America in recent years, has been in the war almost from the outset of our own participation in it, and has now the rank of a Major of Infantry. Curtis Hidden Page, another poet-critic, left his professorship at Dartmouth College to enter the service and is a Captain of Ordnance. Lastly, Franklin P. Adams, "F. P. A.," the genial, the inimitable, has gone to dispense a little of his cheer in the great army, where he is a captain. When F. P. A. enters the trenches, the gloom will give way, and mud and cold and rain —which Service declares are more formidable than bullets—will be forgotten. *Weights and Measures*, F. P. A.'s latest book, is a veritable lifesaver in these days of whelming horror. It has more wholesome and spontaneous fun, more clever wit than any book in its field that has appeared in many a moon. That the army is not going to quench this wit, is shown by *A Change of Heart*, written in camp and published last month in *McClure's*:

In other and more peaceful times—
(*Eheu!* the years seem thrice a million
Since I committed daily rhymes
As a civilian!)

In those, the typing times of peace,
As master of a Dome Diurnal,
I told the hated Hun to cease
The strife infernal.

My wealth of verbiage was great;
Of bitter phrase I was no miser;
I screamed a daily hymn of hate
Against the Kaiser.

My pen was sharp, my lyre was loud,
I hated Bernstorff and Boy-Ed so!
I hated all the German crowd,
And often said so.

But now I am in closer touch;
I sense the spirit and the letter;
And now I know the Germans much,—
Oh, so much,—better.

I understand their purpose now—
I, who was given to flay and flout them—
How green I was! I don't see how
I wrote about them.

Withdraw my rhyme of earlier date!
Erase each previous high endeavour!
Now that I *know* those birds, I hate
'Em worse than ever.

II

So much for the roll call of our own poets in camp or trench. In England that call takes on daily a tragic significance from the increasing number who no longer respond. Undoubtedly Francis Ledwidge was the greatest loss to poetry since the death of Rupert Brooke, and aside from Brooke's incomparably beautiful sonnet, it is a question if Ledwidge had not the finer possibilities of the two. Ledwidge had been in the war from the outset, serving at Gallipoli, Mesopotamia, and finally in Flanders, where he fell. Still in the middle-twenties, his annals as poet and soldier were as picturesque as they were brief. The fairies must have directed him to send to Lord Dunsany, though not, we may imagine, without trepidation, those first poems of the fields and hedges which made him beloved far beyond his native Ireland. Through Dunsany he was introduced

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to the world, through Dunsany we have the *Songs of Peace*, written in the midst of war, and through him we are promised a volume of the posthumous poems, of which a considerable number were found.

Nothing could be more indicative of the temperament of Ledwidge than the slender volume, *Songs of Peace*. I have searched it vainly for anything that could be called a war poem. Although written in the thick of war, it is one continuous memory of Ireland, one continuous longing for the blackbird, the hedges and the rainy veils of his beloved country. Now and then one gets an intimation that the poet realises to what stern business he has set his hand, as in these lines, *In the Mediterranean—Going to the War:*

Lovely wings of gold and green
Flit about the sounds I hear,
On my window when I lean
To the shadows cool and clear.
* * * * *
Roaming, I am listening still,
Bending, listening overlong,
In my soul a steadier will,
In my heart a newer song.

or in this stanza from the poem *To a Distant One:*

There is so much to do, so little done,
In my life's space, that I perforce did leave
Love at the moonlit trysting-place to grieve
Till fame and other little things were won.
I have missed much that I shall not retrieve,
Far will I wander yet with much to do.
Much will I spurn before I yet meet you,
So fair I can't deceive.

The *Songs of Peace* are to the last degree delicate; nothing of the fighting man appears in them. One is the more surprised, therefore, at the virile, soldier note that rings in these lines which will appear in the posthumous volume and which were published last month in the *Touchstone*:

When I was young I had a care
Lest I should cheat me of my share
Of that which makes it sweet to strive
For life, and dying still survive,
A name in sunshine written higher
Than lark or poet dare aspire.

But I grew weary doing well;
Besides, 'twas sweeter in that hell
Down with the loud banditti people
Who robbed the orchards, climbed the steeple
For Jackdaws' eggs and made the cock
Crow ere 'twas daylight on the clock.
I was so very bad the neighbours
Spoke of me at their daily labours.

And now I'm drinking wine in France,
The helpless child of circumstance.
To-morrow will be loud with war.
How will I be accounted for?

It is too late now to retrieve
A fallen dream, too late to grieve
A name unmade, but not too late
To thank the gods for what is great:
A keen-edged sword, a soldier's heart
Is greater than a poet's art,
And greater than a poet's fame
A little grave that has no name.

What a spirit they all show, these young singers, who lift the cup of battle to their lips as if it were the Grail! Even more willingly, almost blithely, Charles Hamilton Sorley surrendered his life that spanned but twenty years. His volume, *Marlborough, and Other Poems*, is full of the soldier's dedicated gladness. It takes a high spirit to go to death with a song, but Sorley did it and exhorted his comrades to do it, in lines of hasty and immature technique but of the temper of heroes:

Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass.
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath.
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour.

Earth that never doubts nor fears,
Earth that knows of death, not tears,
Earth that bore with joyful ease
Hemlock for Socrates,
Earth that blossomed and was glad
Neath the cross that Christ had,
Shall rejoice and blossom too
When the bullet reaches you.

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Wherefore, men marching
On the road to death, sing!
Pour your gladness on earth's head,
So be merry, so be dead!

Like Rupert Brooke, Sorley had a charm of personality that is likely to become a tradition. Many testify to it, as well as to his gifts, and at the annual dinner of the Poetry Society of America, John Masefield declared that had Sorley had time to develop these gifts we might have expected almost anything of him. Mr. Masefield also spoke of W. N. Hodgson ("Edward Melbourne") as one of the finest of the younger group who have paid the toll to war. Hodgson was the son of the Bishop of Ipswich and Edmundsbury and was a lieutenant in a Devon regiment. Refined and idealistic in temperament, his battle songs are consecrations, as a few lines of *Before Action* will show:

I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of Thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord!

One takes up book after book of these young poets who have fallen in action or who are still in the ranks, and is more than ever impressed with the fact that the whole emphasis of war, as far as the poets are concerned, has shifted to a spiritual basis. To compare the poetry of this war with that of any earlier one, is to see not only that the poet is using a new terminology, as befits the new technique of war, but that he is expressing a new reaction, a new mood. Formerly, when war was less terrible in its operation, it was romantic, it stirred the spirit of adventure. Open warfare was a superb spectacle and one's imagination thrilled to "battle's magnificently stern array" and to the "fiery mass of living valour rolling on the foe." Martial music, flags and banners, gorgeous uniforms, resplendent cavalry, and all other externals of war, gave to it a glamour and covered its terrors with Romance. Now war is Realism; war is ugliness; war is horror. No longer in brilliant uniform, the soldier goes protectively coloured, like a creature of the earth, and burrows like a mole in the ground; he fires at an enemy he does not see; he is not inspired by martial music or banners; endurance must largely take the place of action; concealment must be his constant study and against bursting shrapnel there is no use to oppose his valour. Even when the charge comes, it is not that gallant encounter of open warfare with a fair field and no favours, but opposing skill in the use of ingenious instruments of destruction such as modern warfare has brought. It is ghastly and terrible in its physical features, and what has been the result? One no longer goes to war for romance, he goes for an ideal. The more realistic war becomes on its technical side, the more idealistic it becomes on its spiritual side. Only for the great inner purpose would anyone endure the outer horror; and the poets, who are the seers, looking wholly above the modern operation of war, sing only of it as an instrument, only of its operation in the great ends of world destiny.

Instead of descriptive poetry, presenting the spectacle of war, we have interpretative poetry, giving the meaning of war; and since one in the immediate throes of a conflict can give little more than his own personal reaction to it, being too near for a focus,—we have chiefly the personal spiritual effect upon the poet who undergoes the baptism of fire. To present this war in its physical sense, in the air, on the sea, and with all the terrible but marvellou instruments of its execution,—would require a Homer; and to interpret it in its psychological sense, with all the interplay of race and motive, would re-

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quire a Dante. Instead we have as its recorders youths just finding themselves and learning their art, but from these direct experiences we gain much more than from the more ambitious poems of those who write at second hand. Particularly is one impressed with this fact in looking over the various anthologies of war verse which have been issued in the past year. For example, in *A Treasury of War Poetry*, edited by George Herbert Clarke, an admirable collection containing most of the poems of note which have appeared during the war, one turns to the brief section called "Poets Militant," as one would turn from a clamorous place to a shrine. One after another the poets not in the war have moralised upon it, meted out judgment, and forecast an altered world, while quietly as a prayer in Gethsemane the poet face to face with death utters in song his dedication.

Professor Clarke's collection covers much the same field as that of Professor Cunliffe's *Poems of the Great War*, which antedated it considerably. Both contain the finest poems written up to the period of their publication, but Professor Clarke's *Treasury of War Poetry*, being issued later, has the advantage of greater timeliness. It also follows an excellent arrangement, presenting in separate groups the poems pertaining to each country. Still a later anthology is *A Book of Verse of the Great War*, edited by William Reginald Wheeler and issued by the Yale University Press. It has to me less interest, owing to the fact that it is largely made up of work by non-militant poets, of whom nearly a third are Americans. As we are so lately in the war, we cannot in the nature of things have so immediate and vital an approach to it in our poetry. Then, too, Mr. Wheeler, who sends his manuscript from Hangchow, China, quotes certain poems which are now misleading, as *The Woman's Cry*, by Edith Thomas, written at the very outset of the war, when Miss Thomas held very different convictions from those which she now holds. One in America could not escape knowing this, when her work constantly appears in the daily press. We are glad to see that Mr. Williams includes Olive Tilford Dargan's high-visioned and beautiful poem, *Beyond War*, and W. N. Ewer's searching *Five Souls*.

From all of these anthologies, one keeps coming back to the books written out of direct experience, and one of the most arresting of these is *The Old Huntsman*, by a young Jewish poet from India, Siegfried Sassoon, now fighting in the British army. Sassoon is a remarkable blend of mystic and realistic. Satire, humour, irony, keen thrusts at the waste and stupidity of war, alternate with moods of consecration when nothing seems more desirable than to die for his Vision:

Horror of wounds and anger at the foe,
And loss of things desired; all these must pass.
We are the happy legion, for we know
Time's but a golden wind that shakes the grass.

There was an hour when we were loth to part
From life we longed to share no less than others.
Now, having claimed this heritage of heart,
What need we more, my comrades and my brothers?

It scarcely does Sassoon justice to quote these lines which, as poetry, are of indifferent merit, compared with his celebration of *Brother Lead and Sister Steel*, or other poems which show the more sinister side of war; but, by his leave, I prefer to represent him in his more exalted, if less poetically inspired, moments. In *Enemies* one gets the point of view that Service constantly presents in the *Rhymes of a Red Cross Man*—that one is not at war with the individual and deplores

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the fact that he must slay a brother man in making war upon a system. Evidently this poem is of a beloved officer or comrade:

He stood alone in some queer sunless place
Where Armageddon ends; perhaps he longed
For days he might have lived; but his young face
Gazed forth untroubled: and suddenly there thronged
Round him the hulking Germans that I shot
When for his death my brooding rage was hot.

He stared at them, half-wondering; and then
They told him how I'd killed them for his sake,—
Those patient, stupid, sullen ghosts of men:
And still there seemed no answer he could make.
At last he turned and smiled, and all was well
Because his face could lead them out of hell.

At the end of the book Sassoon has a poem to Robert Graves—son of Alfred Percival Graves—who has distinguished himself in the war and is himself a poet of ability. His book, *Over the Brazier*, is soon to be followed, as befits an Irishman, by *Fairies and Fusiliers*. At the Poetry Society dinner, previously referred to, Masefield told a story of Graves which shows the mettle of the young poet. After a battle in Flanders, where he was fighting, Graves was so severely wounded that when the stretcher bearers went out at night to search the field, they paused beside him and said, "There's no use bringing him in; he's dead." Whereupon, with the true fighting blood of the Irish, young Graves aroused and exclaimed, "No, I'm not dead and I'm d——d if I die!" This is the spirit that will carry poet and soldier and race to victory.

One cannot leave our poets militant without a word of the sadness that has swept over the country at the death of Lieutenant-Colonel John McCrae, our Canadian neighbour, who has endeared himself to everyone by his exquisite poem, *In Flanders Fields*. Perhaps no poem of the war is so widely known and loved. McCrae did not fall in battle, but died of pneumonia, at Boulogne, France, where he was chief medical officer of one of the Canadian brigades. He was a poet who wrote unaffected, beautiful, moving things, sure to be cherished. *To the Anxious Dead* is less familiar than *In Flanders Fields*.

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
Above their heads the legions pressing on,—
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear
And died not knowing how the day had gone).

O flashing muzzles, pause and let them see
The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;
Then let your mighty chorus witness be
To them, and Cæsar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward, till we win or fall,
That we will keep the faith for which they died.

Bid them be patient, and some day, anon,
They shall feel earth enwrapt in silence deep,
Shall greet, in wonderment, the quiet dawn,
And in content may turn them to their sleep.

We all know the earlier lines, yet because they are likely to become Lieutenant-Colonel McCrae's monument and are words which we do not weary of recalling, I venture to put them once more into print:

In Flanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead, short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe.
To you from failing hands we throw
The Torch—be yours to hold it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

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FABLES OF WAR AND PEACE*

BY H. W. BOYNTON

For some years James Lane Allen has been lost to his public in a dim thicket of mysticism out of which, at times, has escaped the sound of his voice, mellowly spouting one knew not what. The only plain thing has been that a good story-teller whom we wanted had joined the swamis and minor prophets, of whom we had plenty. He is back again among us, still a trifle wild of eye, but with a smile on his lips, and a will to be human and intelligible once more. *The Kentucky Warbler*, from its title onward, directly challenges the interest of readers who twenty years ago were willing captives to the charm of *The Kentucky Cardinal*. It has, to be sure, its quality as parable or even as tract; but there are real people in it, and plenty of that demure humour we so sadly missed in the swami-phase of this writer's public expression. The little narrative (for this, like all Mr. Allen's later books, is of small compass) is of the chiselled cherry-tone order. No stroke is wasted in the picture of the odd yet somehow recognisable family that has produced the boy Webster: the father, sentenced for life at hard labour as a clerk in a bank, and getting what consolation he may out of self-mockery and a pose of indifference; the mother, just a mother; the little daughter, restless, assertive, modern, concealing her love for her brother under the appearance of malice; the boy himself, vaguely distrustful and rebellious against life, the life of narrow routine led by such men as his father,—until a light is set to his feet and he sees the world before him. As for the means of his enlightenment, the professorial lecture on the ornithologist Wilson that fills the long second chapter, a third as long as the whole of the narrative proper—here I must feel that the writer's Southern love of platform eloquence gets the better of him. The gist of the matter might be given in a fifth of the space, and given more effectively for the purpose of the main fable. However, it is the romantic story of the Scotch weaver who after many failures as an ordinary citizen achieved greatness in the wilds, that rouses and inspires the boy Webster. Wilson becomes the guardian spirit of his dreams, and the rare little warbler first named by Wilson becomes the favourite object of his pursuit. Perhaps he is not to find it—we do not know; but the main thing is the search itself, and the bird is but a symbol. Ambition works in the boy, a plan for the future takes shape; meanwhile he has had a glimpse of the riches held for him by nature the interpreter. We part with him as he sets out once more to find the warbler: "Wholeheartedly, with a boy's eagerness, Webster suddenly took off his hat and ran down the middle of the gleaming white turnpike toward the

*The Kentucky Warbler. By James Lane Allen. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

The Tree of Heaven. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Comrades. By Mary Dillon. New York: The Century Company.

Potterat and the War. By Benjamin Vallotton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

Just Outside. By Stacy Aumonier. New York: The Century Company.

A Daughter of the Morning. By Zona Gale. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

The Heart of O Sono San. By Elizabeth Cooper. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company.

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green forest—toward all, whether much or little, that he was ever to be."

The title of *The Tree of Heaven* is also symbolic. That friendly sheltering presence in the garden of the Harrisons at Hampstead represents the comfortable enclosed well-being of prosperous England in the years before the war. It is to the Harrisons much what Mr. Walpole's *Green Mirror* was to the Trenchards. There are points of close analogy between these two novels. Both are stories of family; and in both instances this family life, self-absorbed and self-sufficient, typifies the existence and the point of view of the British upper middle class during the early years of the twentieth century. In both instances the central figure is the mother of the family: it is she, at least, who most strongly values and clings to the family solidarity, and to those ideas of social and national stability, to that comfortable *status quo*, upon which she feels that the safety of the family depends. Mrs. Harrison, like Mrs. Trenchard, pretends that change does not exist, because change is what she dreads of all things. But she lacks Mrs. Trenchard's satanic pride, and thereby in the end snatches spiritual victory from her temporal defeat. The Trenchards, it will be recalled, were disrupted by modernity, the cleavage between new ideas and old, the pitting of the younger generation against the elder. The Harrisons are in peril of such disruption; but they save the family soul by losing its body for England. A more striking analogy, in some ways, might be drawn between this book and St. John Ervine's *Shifting Winds*. Here again is the Britain that has been so long safe from foreign enemies that it is no longer safe from itself, a Britain of feverish inconsequence, avid of meaningless pleasures, heckled by Woman, stumbling toward the verge of civil strife —a land of individualism cavorting among theories. The admirably "sound" business of the elder Harrison is menaced by strikes; the lad Nicky, scorning Victorian conventions, marries a self-confessed wanton; the girl Dorothy tries her hand at militancy; the boy Michael will own allegiance to nothing but his right to be "himself." Stone by stone the foundations of the family happiness and security fall away. Then comes the war: and, in sweeping away the last vestiges of the old cherished structure, miraculously reveals a deeper foundation in the love and service of England. Even Michael, that stubborn individualist who as a schoolboy has pronounced "*esprit de corps* the putridest rot," and has grown up a rebel to the will and manners of the crowd,—a scornful non-conformist as Nicky is a genial one—is to pay with joy the supreme tribute to his kind. This is a far stronger and sounder book than *The Belfry*, which, with all its adroitness, was over-preoccupied with its satirical portrait of a certain prominent English writer, and which made a convenience of the war in order to effect a plausible but false solution of the hopeless matrimonial problem that had been set. There is not a trace of mere cleverness, much less of claptrap, in *The Tree of Heaven*. We know these people, their problems are real (and indeed have become largely our own). Out of the personalities they are and the world they live in, their story grows steadily and naturally, not toward an effect, but toward a completed interpretation. That interpretation is based upon faith not only in the essential soundness of England, but in human nature and its destiny.

We cannot wish to have our storytellers treat the period of the war always upon this high and somewhat severe plane. Between the anxious seriousness of those who stay at home and the defensive buffoonery of the

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trenches, romantic fancy still plies her healing trade. It is well for us to understand the thing that is, and it is also well for us to clothe it, now and then, with what glamour we may,—to assure ourselves that the old dreams may still be dreamed. The author of *Rose of Old St. Louis* is primarily a romancer, and her *Comrades* has its central thread of "heart-interest" in the love-story of a young Briton and a girl from Kentucky who make each other's acquaintance on the Continent during the days before the war, and are presently caught in the mill and put through. In her handling of all this, in her machinery of plot and situation, Mrs. Dillon follows those conventions of romance of which the world, in its coming-on disposition, never grows tired. Things happen very handily; coincidence accommodates its long arm to our needs. On the other hand, the course of true love must not be too smooth, since its final goal (in romance) is marriage. Hence fate and the chronicler interpose the familiar obstacles of untoward incident and misunderstanding, to the end of a suitable postponement of that consummation which we never seriously doubt from the outset. Our hero is wounded and loses an arm in a German hospital, but we know that the rest of him is safe enough. When the moment comes for his desperate attempt at escape through the German lines, our fears are a pleasant pretence. Nor is our excitement intolerable when our heroine is discovered driving her ambulance daily into the thick of the fighting at the front. We know that she is invulnerable, since she is ours. The villain of the piece is a German Secret Service agent of diabolic nature, who of course gets his deserts in the long end. But this purely romantic plot is not the whole of the book. The "Foreword" gives a hint of graver purpose which is not unfulfilled in these pages: "Many happy days spent among the kindly and simple-hearted Saxons only add to the poignancy of my sorrow that they should have been deluded and driven into this awful holocaust by Prussian Junkerism, Militarism, and Kaiserism." The scene opens in Dresden, is thence transferred to Leipzig, Rome, Berlin, and America. The Dresden pension, where our British younger son, "Mr. Hatfield of Hatfield Abbey," is sojourning, is kept by a Prussian widow, who has two attractive but very German daughters. The guests are a polyglot assembly: Hatfield the Englishman, a Pole, a Swede, a Russian, a Rumanian, a Frenchman, and a "Herr Geheimrath," a type of German officialdom. War seems far off, yet Hatfield is puzzled by some things—for one, the coldness of the daughters of the house toward the Frenchman and himself. To this happy family are presently added two Americans, whom he has already rescued from the attentions of some German officers—Beatrice, the beautiful Kentuckian, and her quaint companion, the spinster Miss Martin. All the men succumb to the beauty and charm and intellect of the American girl excepting the Frenchman, who is betrothed, and the German, whose bureaucratic soul is not responsive to an alien attraction. But it is another sort of German that is presently to become Hatfield's chief rival. Though a baron and high in German official circles, he is capable of being both loyal to his Fatherland and constant to his friends of whatever race. The friendly German vow of Bruderschaft sworn between him and Hatfield, already open adversaries in love and destined to be adversaries in war, is not an idle one. To the Baron the English prisoner owes his chance of escape. It is the ideal of a wider Bruderschaft, to embrace all nations, toward which Mrs. Dillon sees the world blindly struggling. Who

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may safely attach the stigma of sentimentalism to the declaration of faith with which she concludes?—"My faith does not falter. Some day it will end and *Right will prevail!* And the God of nations, the God of the Englishman, the German, and the Frenchman,—of all the warring brothers,—will know how to bring some great good out of this holocaust of evil to all his bruised and broken children."

Feminine sentiment, undeniably, gives this book its atmosphere. *Potterat and the War* is a book of masculine sentiment and humour. Potterat is a kind of Swiss Tartarin; this is the third and final instalment of his memoirs. It finds him a retired Police Inspector of sixty, with an admirable second wife, and one child of his old age; with a pleasant old cottage facing the lake, on the borders of the town of Lausanne; with a fine garden, warm friends, a perfect digestion, and an immense enthusiasm for life. Potterat is of the pure Vaudois stock, and has none too much affection for the other strains in the composite Swiss nation. But he likes to be friendly with everybody, and as chosen orator of his Choral Society speaks eloquently of the Switzerland of three languages and of three races that "dwell together in perfect harmony within her borders, bound together by the ties of mutual respect and mutual rights. . . . Little quarrels and differences we have, certainly, and sometimes feeling runs high, but the moment the red flag with the white cross is hoisted, the ranks close up, and the Swiss Confederation is the cement which unites all hearts in one." Privately, perhaps, he has his reservations; there is a natural friction of race, for example, between himself and his son-in-law Schmid. When the war breaks out, his French blood asserts itself, and he chafes and blusters about the absurd nature of that official neutrality which forbids an honest man to recognise the facts. His heart is with the defenders of France, he exults openly when Joffre turns and the Hun is driven back from Paris; he cannot forbear pluming himself a little on the prowess of his kinsmen. On the other hand, when, at the first breath of war, Switzerland's wonderful little army rushes to defend her borders, Schmid and his fellows of Teutonic stock are in their places, not less resolute than the Vaudois. The heart of the nation is sound for defence. But that is not enough to content the chivalrous soul of Potterat. Always there weighs upon his consciousness the tragic plight of that other little country which has been denied neutrality, which has been ravished, and trampled under foot before the eyes of the world. What right has Switzerland or any other country to be safe and neutral in the presence of this outrage? The presence and testimony of the two old Belgian refugees who are presently allotted to the Potterat household strengthens his feeling. That Switzerland should not at least have filed a protest is more than he can bear. The thing becomes an obsession; he, at least, must put himself on record. In the end, he writes three letters, one to Joffre, expressing in the name of "thousands of citizens, neutral by national obligations outwardly" his hope for France's success in driving the invaders out of Belgium; one to King Albert, to the same purport; and one to the Supreme Council of Switzerland, urging that in the name of true neutrality, Switzerland ought to speak out for the rights of Belgium. And so, having uttered itself, the stout heart of Potterat ceases to labour and, with a jest and a blessing on his honest lips, he goes to sleep forever. A neighbour speaks his fitting epitaph: "Poor Potterat! . . . We shall never see his like again. . . . It's this war that has killed him. He felt it and lived it with all his heart.

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. . . Ah, he was a splendid fellow! One of the very best!" So much for Potterat and the war. But the human substance of him, his philosophy, his delicious humour, cannot be conveyed at second hand. If there are still "Anglo-Saxon" readers who cling to the notion that the Latins have a kind of wit, but that we others have a monopoly of pure fun, I should like to turn them over to Potterat, and see what he will do with them. One more thing: it is strange that the name of the author of this remarkably skilful and idiomatic translation should not be given on the title-page of the book.

Compared with the hearty and downright humanity of such a story, the *Just Outside* of Stacy Aumonier seems a trifle niggling and inconsequential. You may say that this is because one is sentimental and the other "realistic"; and that human nature is not really such a simple matter as the builder of a Potterat represents it to be. I am not at all sure that this is true. Mr. Aumonier himself admits that the majority of human beings are consistent enough, we can tell what they are from their looks, and what they will do from what they have done. But this type does not interest him; his concern is frankly with the "others of whom we cannot take stock . . . the wayward children whose impulses make the history books uncertain records. Sometimes they live great lives obscurely; at other times they lead mean lives, although they figure on a great canvas. It is yet to be completely understood that there never was a hero, except a stage hero." Granted, if by hero we mean the Hatfields of romantic tradition, the leading juveniles who must comport themselves to order or fail to satisfy us in our romantic mood. But if we are to be serious, let us compare Potterat with the Arthur Gaffyn of this story and *feel* whether, in substance and in truth, the fat Swiss ex-policeman does not at least equal the "temperamental" young Briton of Mr. Aumonier's story. To take it on its own ground (and so I should have done but for the writer's specific assumption that to "paint a man," as Thackeray said that Fielding had done for the first time with Tom Jones, is normally to paint a personality not only complex but vacillating and inconclusive) this is a study of a human type with which British novelists before the war were somewhat monotonously preoccupied. Arthur Gaffyn is a youth, and a man, whose character is overlaid and partly vitiated by "temperament." He has high impulses and fine theories, but is harassed and stultified by his sense of the complexity of things. His spirit revolts against the coarseness and hypocrisy of modern "civilisation," he has a sincere desire to get into "the big game," to do his part in making the world better; but his energy goes into fumbling for some general specific, and he is unable to move in a straight line toward any single objective. He remains "just outside" the current of the active world, a spectator who now and then casts an experimental brick into the flood and is grieved that it shows no sign of turning aside. Meanwhile, of course, he is being nagged by the flesh, there is always some habit or desire twitching at his sleeve. He is without grossness, but sex will neither let him alone nor satisfy him, till divorce offers him escape from an unhappy marriage to the sanctuary (momentary, at least) of union with an American girl twenty years his junior, who blithely sets herself the task of making a man of him. All this takes place before the war, of which the book contains a hint in the forecast of Leffbury, the old designer. The world, he says, is working to no purpose: "In the trouble that is coming—and there is very big trouble coming to humanity—it won't be the

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young who are to blame, or even the weak or the sensual! It will be the old, who have worked without love. . . . Things to save time, to increase comfort, to 'speed up' humanity, to create luxury! And what does it all amount to? Work without love. Do you remember the old punishment, now abolished,—the punishment of abortive labour? A man was made to carry bricks across a yard, and then carry them back again, and so on all day. In time it drove him mad. What does this prove? That even the vile have a soul, the instinct for service. Man cannot work without love. But these chartered libertines of righteousness, these old men whispering in their secret chambers and pulling the wires, are simply carrying bricks from one end of the yard to the other and back again. One day they will go mad, and then they will drive the young before them like cattle to the slaughter." Leffbury himself, who is strong where Gaffyn is weak, who has seen his road of service, and pressed forward upon it, has yet been defeated of his end by these brutal forces. But his spirit is unconquered, and I defy his creator's attempt to disprove him a hero by making him swear and tell bawdy stories!

The day draws near when the political equality of the sexes will be assured, but let no man flatter himself that he is going to dispose of his mate by giving her the vote. To begin with, he cannot do better than divest the word mate of its biological meaning: his mate is to be his partner, not his servant, in the affairs of the household; she is to be equally free to choose her own friends and to do her own work; she is to be "economically independent;" and she is not to be a mother unless motherhood suits her own inclination and convenience. All this is made clear not only by the published and listened-to utterances of feministic propaganda, but by the testimony of current novelists, especially in America. Men like Rupert Hughes, Winston Churchill, and Henry Kitchell Webster lift the refrain, and the voices of story-telling women are a chorus nearly in unison as they repeat the burden. Even the writers of the sweet-pretty stories, the rocking-chair romancers, cannot afford to be mute. Witness *A Daughter of the Morning*, in which a country lass begins by running away from the family drudgery (housework in this kind of fiction always involves knotted fingers, soiled aprons, and ugly tempers) and ends by nearly refusing to marry the man she adores because she does not want to take care of his house or his babies. She is not, she admits complacently, a "mother-woman." And she wants to keep on helping him in his great work as a social reformer: "I care now for the big issues—for life and death and the workers—for the future more than for now. We are working for them—you and I. I will not let myself care only for getting your food and keeping the house tidy." And all the gentleman can do is to look away over the fields and murmur: "To think what we have done to love—all of us. I know that the possibility is exactly what you say it is." And when she goes on to boast that she is not the "mother-woman," he says that is all right, too —of course she does not want to bother with taking care of children: besides, she is "the new factor we've got to deal with, the mother-to-the-race woman." This looks pretty unpromising for the kiss-curtain: however, we only need another half-page to get to it, for our modern wooer stoops to conquer, and says he knows what a horrible problem it all is, but he thinks perhaps they ought to have a try at it, since it cannot be solved "by every woman funking it, and staying unmarried.". "Will you come," he cried, "will you come and face it with me? And do your best,

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somehow, to work it out with me?" She will. Curtain. I am inclined to laugh at this, as I did not laugh at a similar situation in Ernest Poole's *His Family*, because, apart from this motive, *A Daughter of the Morning* is sheer romance of the pretty sort, with appropriate machinery and accessories. The feminist flavour has the effect of one of those strange sauces with which experts of the soda fountain are now crowning the most unlikely substances: we have the literary "sundae," also.

The reader who is a bit surfeited with this kind of thing may guiltily enjoy, now and then, a story like *The Heart of O Sono San*. Here, contrary to certain expectations which might be roused by the title, of something in the *Madame Butterfly* line, he will find an open celebration of the old-fashioned woman, as exemplified by the woman of Japan. In her Preface the author has the temerity to assert not only that these women are the conservers of the best and oldest ideals of Japan, but that they are so by virtue of their fulfilment of the old ideal of womanly character: "They still believe that the only qualities that benefit a woman are gentle obedience, chastity, mercy and quietness. She is taught from infancy to love, yield, help others and forget self. Under such influences she is able to make any sacrifice, and brave enough to bear any cross. Her education within the home cultivates simplicity of heart, natural grace of manner, unquestioning obedience and love of duty. . . ." Heavens! what an ideal to hold up before the occidental girl of the twentieth century—the ideal of her own silly old great-grandmother! According to this reactionary chronicler, "it has produced one of the finest, sweetest types of womanhood that the world has ever known," and she here tells a tale of a little Japanese which would seem to bear out her contention. O Sono San does not find happiness, in the sense of getting what she wants; she loses, in the name of obedience and duty, her beloved doll, her lover, and her son, who dies for Japan at the taking of Port Arthur. And yet she has not failed: "Regret, —regret—? Her life would be one long sorrow, but above that sorrow and the heart-breaking knowledge that she must be forever alone, was the exultant thought that *she* had helped pay the price of victory. She had given a life, more than her life, she had given the life of her son." The little story, as artless in its structure as *Potterat*, is told with great delicacy and sympathy.

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THE BOOKMAN RECOMMENDS

In this department the editors each month will endeavour to select from among the previous month's publications those volumes in each classification which seem in their opinion to be most worthy of recommendation to BOOKMAN *readers. The editors will be happy to answer any questions in their power regarding these books and indeed regarding any books concerning which* BOOKMAN *readers may desire information.*

DRAMA

The Story of the Scots Stage. By Robb Lawson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

Happenings and stories of the plays and players of Scotland to the middle of the nineteenth century.

The Dramatic Works of Gerhart Hauptmann. Edited by Ludwig Lewisohn. New York. $1.50.

A translation of four plays which mark the culmination of the dramatist's work.

ECONOMICS

Man's Supreme Inheritance. By F. Matthias Alexander. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

A thesis on conscious guidance and control in relation to human evolution in civilisation.

ESSAYS

Mountain Meditations. By L. Lind-Af-Hageby. London: George Allen and Unwin, Ltd. 4/6.

Critical and humourous essays on subjects of the day and war, written from the author's mental view-point of her hermitage among the Alps.

Ezra Pound. His Metric and Poetry. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

A little essay of critical appreciation.

Last Words on Great Issues. By J. Beattie Crozer, LL.D. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

The author's "last words"—a group of essays dealing with religion, faith, spiritualism, politics, and sociology.

ETHICS

Moral Values. A Study of the Principles of Conduct. New York: Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

A treatment of ethics as a science of values, to give the reader the ability to win for himself a constructive view of the moral life.

FICTION

The White Morning. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Frederick A Stokes Company. $1.00.

A novel of the power of the German women in war-time: of the revolution that may come.

The Mystery of the Downs. By Watson and Rees. New York: John Lane and Company. $1.40.

Another detective story by the two ex-detectives of Scotland Yard.

Under the Hermes. By Richard Dehan. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

A clever miscellany of fiction, comprising eighteen stories of the widely different types characteristic of this versatile author.

Potterat and the War. By Benjamin Vallotton. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

The French original of this story has been one of the greatest successes of recent years, its theme being the tragedy of the human spirit harried by inhuman war.

The Kentucky Warbler. By James Lane Allen. Garden City, New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.25.

Another characteristic tale of the Blue Grass country, in which the hero finds in a bird's note, romance and the key to his own locked nature.

Mary Regan. By Leroy Scott. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A tense story of night life in New York, in which figure a detective and the aristocracy of the underworld.

South Wind. By Norman Douglas. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.60.

A novel for the cosmopolitan, centring around an Abbe in an island of the Mediterranean.

The U. P. Trail. By Zane Grey. New York: Harper and Brothers. $1.50.

A typical Grey romance of the building of the first iron trail across the Continent.

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To Arms. By Marcelle Tinayre. Translated by Lucy H. Humphrey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A story of France in the days of mobilisation before the outbreak of hostilities.

Carolyn of the Corners. By Ruth Belmore Endicott. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.35.

A wholesome "look up" story.

The Transactions of Lord Louis Lewis. By Roland Pertwee. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Illustrated. $1.50.

A humourous tale of the dealings of a gracious lord with two rogues of antique dealers.

The Scar that Tripled. By William G. Shepherd. New York: Harper and Brothers. 50 cents.

A true short story of the great war—whose hero might have been Richard Harding Davis's "The Deserter."

The Lost Naval Papers. By Bennett Copplestone. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.50.

A series of spy-stories bound into a single narrative by the personality of a new type of detective—with a background of the English Secret Service and the German Spy Service.

Cleek, the Master Detective. By Thomas W. Hanshew. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.40.

An oriental story of mystery and crime unravelled by the Detective of Scotland Yard—now published in America for the first time.

The Golden Block. By Sophie Kerr. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

A story of love and business success, dealing with a woman in New York's political "inner ring."

Eastern Red. By Helen Huntington. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A story of two married women whose lives in outward things are contrasted, but who both have the spirit of unrest and rebellion characteristic of to-day.

Mistress of Men. By F. A. Steel. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $1.40.

A novel of India in which a poor little girl becomes an empress.

The Full Measure of Devotion. By Dana Gatlin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. 50 cents.

A little story whose theme is the meaning of the war to the fathers and mothers of America.

Love and Liberty. Aleaxnder Dumas. Translated by R. S. Garnett. $1.40.

A translation for the first time, for English readers, of one of the author's most remarkable romances.

GENERAL LITERATURE

Thomas Woolner, R.A. His Life in Letters. Written by his daughter, Amy Woolner. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. *With fifty illustrations.* $6.00.

Through the Victorian sculptor's letters to distinguished men and women of his day, and theirs to him, light is thrown on his inspiration and ideals, as well as upon the entire field of Victorian art and literature.

HISTORY

A Short History of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero and Corrado Barbagallo. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.90.

A narrative and organic account of the Monarchy and the Republic from the foundation of the city to the death of Julius Cæsar.

The Virgin Islands of the United States of America. By Luther K. Zabrieski. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With one hundred and nine illustrations and two maps. $4.00.

Historical and descriptive commercial and industrial facts, figures, and resources, regarding our new Carribbean possessions.

Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland. By Jon Stefansson. The Story of the Nations Series. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. With thirty-three illustrations and a map. $1.50.

The story of the political history of these countries, by an islander.

Ancient Law. Everyman's Library. By Sir Henry Maine. Edited by Ernest Rhys. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

A new edition of the old classic first published fifty-six years ago.

JUVENILE

The Breakfast of the Birds. From the Hebrew of Judah Steinberg. By Emily Solis-Cohen, Jr. New York: Jewish Publication Society. With cover and illustrations in colour by a child student in the Boston Museum of Art. 2 vols.

Jewish tales for children, some fanciful, others satirical or allegorical.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland. By Lewis Carroll. Edited by William J. L. Long. Boston: Ginn and Company. 56 cents.

An edition, with notes and sketch of the author, of this story of Wonderland first told to a boating party of children resting under a hayrick in a meadow.

Robin Goodfellow and Other Fairy Plays for Children. By Netta Syrett. New York: John Lane Company.

Six little plays, three of which are arranged as frames for ballets.

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MISCELLANEOUS

Russian Verbs Made Easy. By Stephen J. Lett. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $1.00.

A guide to the use of Russian verbs, intended for the use of business men and others, who wish to acquire rapidly a command of the Russian language for every-day use.

Russian Proverbs and their English Equivalents. By Louis Segal. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 50 cents.

A litle collection representing all sides of Russian life.

First Steps in Russian. By J. Solomonoff. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Illustrated. $1.00.

A beginning study by means of the picture and conversational method.

The Homely Diary of a Diplomat in the East. By Thomas Skelton Harrison. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. Illustrations. $5.00.

Letters of a former diplomatic agent and consul-general of the United States to the court of Cairo, Egypt.

The Marvel Book of American Ships. By Captain Orton P. Jackson and Major F. E. Evans. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. With twelve coloured plates and over 400 illustartions from photographs. $2.50.

The secrets of ship yards, with accounts of great sea battles, diving, and other subjects connected with the seas.

Training and Rewards of the Physician. By Richard C. Cabot, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25.

Another of the Training Series "for those who want to find themselves."

A Text Book of Precious Stones. By Frank B. Wade. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2.00.

Technical methods and principles in use for identifying precious stones—for jewelers and the gem-loving public.

Simplest Spoken French. By W. F. Giese and Barry Cerf. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 65 cents.

A little manual for soldiers.

History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting. By James Ward. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. Vol. 2. With twenty-four full-page illustrations. $3.50.

Italian painting from the beginning of the Renaissance period, including the work of the principal artists from Cimabue to the Pollaiuoli.

The New Business of Farming. By Julian A. Dimock. New York: Frederick A. Stokes. $1.00.

A handbook on the business side of farming.

Booth Tarkington. By Robert Holliday. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. Illustrated. $1.25.

A biographical and critical study of the novelist.

POETRY

The Moods of Ginger Mick. By C. J. Dennis. New York: John Lane Company. $1.00.

Humourous poems, in Australian dialect, laid in Melbourne, Egypt, and Gallipoli.

The Rhyme Garden. Verses and Drawings by Marguerite Buller Allan. New York: John Lane Company.

Verses some of which have appeared before in the *Youth's Companion* and *St. Nicholas*.

Trackless Regions. By G. O. Warren. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $1.25.

A collection of poems, some of which formerly appeared in magazines.

One Who Dreamed. By Arthur Crew Inman. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.25.

Songs and lyrics written before the author was twenty-one.

Poems. By Edward Thomas (Edward Eastaway). New York: Henry Holt and Company. $1.00.

The first American edition of the work of the British poet who was killed at Arras—poetry indirectly of the war, and primarily of the English character and countryside.

London Lamps. A Book of Songs. By Thomas Burke. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company. $1.00.

A collection of poetry worthy of the author of *Limehouse Nights*.

Sonnets and Other Lyrics. By Robert Silliman Hillyer. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

A collection of poems, some of which have been reprinted from other magazines.

In the Paths of the Wind. By Glenn Ward Dresbach. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.00.

Another volume of Mr. Dresbach's poetry of unusual charm—many of the poems are reprinted from magazines.

Songs of Hafiz. Translated by Edna Worthley Underwood. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $1.00.

A translation of the lyrics of the Persian poet.

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POLITICS

A Survey of International Relations Between the United States and Germany. By James Brown Scot. New York: Oxford University Press.

A weighty volume, based on official documents—the royalties from which are to be presented to the Department of State War Relief Work Committee.

National Progress. 1907-1917. By Frederic Austin Ogg. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

An authoritative and compact history of the decade 1907-1917.

A Year in Russia. By Maurice Baring. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

A revised and cheaper edition of the book dealing with the year 1906 as the critical year in Russian history.

Principles of American Diplomacy. Harper's Citizen's Series. By John Bassett Moore. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.00.

A manual for the student and general reader, with full presentation of the peculiar individualism of American foreign policy, and with references and documents.

PSYCHOLOGY

On the Threshold of the Unseen. By Sir William F. Barrett, R.F.S. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

An examination, from the scientific and religious standpoints, of the phenomena of spiritualism and of the evidence for survival after death. With appendix and experiences of the author during forty years.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

A Roumanian Diary. By Lady Kennard. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. With many illustrations. $1.25.

An account of the situation in Roumania during the months preceding her declaration of war, with much description of the people and their life.

Vacation Journeys East and West. By David M. Steele. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Three illustrations and two maps. $1.50.

Discursive essays by a traveller over world-famous trails.

WAR

The Prisoner of War in Germany. By Daniel J. McCarthy, M.D. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company. $2.00.

A survey of the author's work as investigator of prison camp conditions for the American Embassy in Berlin in 1916.

Campaigns and Intervals. By Jean Giraudoux. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

Experiences on the Western front, by the novelist and diplomat.

On the Field of Honor. By Hugues Le Roux. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.50.

The story of a young French lieutenant who was mortally wounded in his first engagement.

Democracy after the War. By J. A. Hobson. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

A discussion of the policy by which political and industrial democracy after the war may be achieved.

The Willy-Nicky Correspondence. By Herman Bernstein. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.00.

The secret and intimate telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Czar.

Letters of a Canadian Stretcher Bearer. By R. A. L. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $1.35.

Letters of a Canadian soldier, telling of three years at the front.

Trotzky's Message. The Bolsheviki and World Peace. By Trotzky. New York: Boni and Liveright. $1.50.

The Bolshevik Minister of Foreign Affairs for Russia speaks in eleven sensational chapters.

Hand-to-Hand Fighting. By A. E. Marriott. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.00.

A system of personal defence for the soldier, by a camp physical director.

At the Serbian Front in Macedonia. By E. P. Stebbing. New York: John Lane Company. With fifty-five illustrations from photographs and a map. $1.50.

A transport officer's pen pictures of operations on the Serbian front, with accounts of the work of the Scottish Women's Hospital.

A Second Diary of the Great War. By Samuel Pepys, Jr. New York: John Lane and Company. With sixteen effigies by John Kettelwell. $1.50.

A second volume: a humourous chronicle of current events.

Comrades in Courage. By Lieutenant Antoine Redier. Translation by Mrs. Philip Duncan Wilson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company. $1.40.

The reactions of a cultivated French officer as he views the horrors of world conflict.

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THE BOOK MART

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the fir of January and the first of February:

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
New York City.....	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Long Live the King
	Over the Top	Private Peat
New York City.....	Sonia	Three Black Pennys
	All In It	Treasury of War Poetry
Albany, N. Y.....	Cabin Fever	Missing
	Carry On	Over the Top
Baltimore, Md.....	Salt of the Earth	Missing
	Over the Top	Fighting for Peace
Baltimore, Md.....	The Major	Missing
	Carry On	Fighting for Peace
Birmingham, Ala.....	The Major	The Light in the Clearing
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	His Last Bow	The Major
	Under Fire	Private Peat
Boston, Mass.....	Sonia	The Dwelling Place of Light
		Private Peat
	Over the Top	
Buffalo, N. Y.....	Extricating Obadiah	Frenzied Fiction
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Cincinnati, Ohio.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	His Last Bow
	With the Colors	Private Peat
Indianapolis, Ind.....	The Major	Sonia
	My Four Years in Germany	The Edge of the War Zone
Jacksonville, Fla.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Mr. Britling Sees It Through
	My Four Years in Germany	A Student in Arms
Kansas City, Mo.....	The Red Planet	The Vanguard of the Plains
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Milwaukee, Wis.....	Christine	Missing
	Over the Top	Private Peat
New Haven, Conn.....	The U. P. Trail	Mary Egan
	Over the Top	Private Peat
New Orleans, La.....	Christine	Missing
	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man	Fighting for Peace
Norfolk, Va.....	Salt of the Earth	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Missing	Sonia

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War.

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
renzied Fiction	The U. P. Trail	The Major	The Tree of Heaven
hymes of a Red Cross Man.			
he Man Who Killed	The Major	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Winds of the World
he Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	Private Peat	Under Fire	
he Major	The U. P. Trail	The Kentucky Warbler	The False Faces
he Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Sonia	Faulkner's Folly	Extricating Obadiah
nder Fire			
hristine	The Green Mirror	Dwelling Place of Light	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
ankee in the Trenches	Over the Top	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
hen a Man's a Man	The Thoroughbred	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
he First Hundred Thousand	All In It	Carry On	
renzied Fiction	The U. P. Trail	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Major
arry On	My Four Years in Germany	All In It	Yankee in the Trenches
he U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah	Salt of the Earth	The Green Mirror
nited States and Pan-Germania			
he Indian Drum	His Last Bow	The Wolf Cub	Extricating Obadiah
ll In It	My Four Years in Germany	Carry On	A Student in Arms
reat Possessions	The Major	His Last Bow	Dwelling Place of Light
rivate Peat			
hristine	His Own Home Town	Calvary Alley	The Major
ver the Top			
welling Place of Light	His Last Bow	The Wishing Ring Man	The Secret Witness
ll In It			
he Major	His Last Bow	The U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah
arry On	Over the Top	Under Fire	Private Peat
hristine	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Second Fiddle	Calvary Alley
A Student in Arms		Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany
he Major	The Indian Drum	Extricating Obadiah	In Happy Valley
arry On	All In It	A Student in Arms	My Home on the Field of Honor
he Secret Witness	The High Heart	His Family	The Luck of the Irish
ll In It	Under Fire	The Bolsheviki and World Peace	Fragments of France
he Secret Witness	The Major	Dwelling Place of Light	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow
Rhymes of the Rookies	My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top	Carry On
he White Ladies of Worcester	His Last Bow	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
y Four Years in Germany			
Dwelling Place of Light	The Major	The White Ladies of Worcester	The Green Mirror

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(*Continued*)

First book given for each city, in each column, is Fiction.

CITY	1ST ON LIST	2D ON LIST
Philadelphia, Pa.....	Cavalry of the Clouds	Private Peat
Philadelphia, Pa.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Pittsburgh, Pa.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	Salt of the Earth
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Portland, Ore.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	The Major
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Portland, Maine.....	The U. P. Trail	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Rochester, N. Y.....	The Major	Salt of the Earth
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Seattle, Wash.....	The Major	Salt of the Earth
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Dwelling Place of Light	His Last Bow
	Over the Top	Private Peat
St. Louis, Mo.....	The Light in the Clearing	The Indian Drum
	Over the Top	Private Peat
San Antonio, Texas.....	Miss Million's Maid	Long Live the King
	Private Peat	Fighting for Peace
St. Paul, Minn.....	The Major	The Dwelling Place of Light
	Over the Top	A Student in Arms
San Francisco, Cal.....	The Major	His Last Bow
	Private Peat	The Land of Deepening Shadow
Spokane, Wash.....	Long Live the King	The Soul of a Bishop
	Over the Top	My Four Years in Germany
Tacoma, Wash.....	Winds of World	Christine
	Over the Top	First Hundred Thousand
Toronto, Ont.....	The Major	The U. P. Trail
	Over the Top	All In It
Utica, N. Y.....	Our Square and the People in it	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Washington, D. C.....	Christine	Extricating Obadiah
	Over the Top	Private Peat
Worcester, Mass.....	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
	Private Peat	Over the Top

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(*Continued*)

The second book is about the War.

3D ON LIST	4TH ON LIST	5TH ON LIST	6TH ON LIST
War and the Bagdad Railway	Inside the Russian Revolution	Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution	
Red Pepper's Patients	Extricating Obadiah	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The Forfeit
All In It	Under Fire	My Home in the Field of Mercy	On the Right of the British Line
His Family	The Light in the Clearing	Extricating Obadiah	The Major
Carry On	German Menace to America	All In It	My Four Years in Germany
Christine	Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Long Live the King	Webster-Man's Man
Private Peat	All In It	The First Hundred Thousand	Carry On
The Major	Anne's House of Dreams	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	Calvary Alley
Under Fire	My Four Years in Germany	All In It	Land of the Deepening Shadow
Calvary Alley	Dwelling Place of Light	Extricating Obadiah	Webster-Man's Man
My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top	Fighting for Peace	My Home in the Field of Mercy
Mr. Britling Sees It Through	Long Live the King	The High Heart	The Light in the Clearing
Over the Top	Carry On		
The Major	Fanny Herself	Calvary Alley	The Indian Drum
The U. P. Trail	His Family	Sunny Slopes	Dwelling Place of Light
Under Fire	Land of the Deepening Shadow	Three Things	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
The Soul of a Bishop	The Red Planet	In Happy Valley	The Dark Star
A Student in Arms	My Four Years in Germany	Over the Top	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man
Anne's House of Dreams	Extricating Obadiah	The Salt of the Earth	Christine
Carry On	All In It	Private Peat	My Four Years in Germany
Limehouse Nights	The Green Mirror	The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow	The King in Babylon
All In It	Over the Top	Under Fire	
Calvary Alley	Ladies Must Live	The Secret Witness	Missing
Private Peat	Fragments from France	Pan-German Plot Unmasked	Cross at the Front
The Broken Gate	The Major	The Light in the Clearing	Miss Million's Maid
Calvary Alley	The White Ladies of Worcester	False Faces	Love and Hatred
My Four Years in Germany	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	Private Peat	
The Indian Drum	Vanguards of the Plains	The Major	The White Ladies of Worcester
The Land of the Deepening Shadow	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	My Four Years in Germany	
The Major	Dwelling Place of Light	The Tree of Heaven	Red Pepper's Patients
My Four Years in Germany	Under Fire	Journal from Our Legation in Belgium	
The U. P. Trail	False Faces	Dwelling Place of Light	His Last Bow
My Four Years in Germany	Rhymes of a Red Cross Man		

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BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the lists sent in by the booksellers from the various cities (see charts, pages 110-113) the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing			1st	on	any	list	receives	10
"	"	"	2d	"	"	"	"	8
"	"	"	3d	"	"	"	"	7
"	"	"	4th	"	"	"	"	6
"	"	"	5th	"	"	"	"	5
"	"	"	6th	"	"	"	"	4

FICTION

The Major. Connor. (Doran.) $1.40.. 205
The Dwelling Place of Light. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.60 139
Extricating Obadiah. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50 104
The U. P. Trail. Zane Grey. (Harper.) $1.50 72
Christine. Cholmondeley. (Macmillan.) $1.25 70
His Last Bow. A. Conan Doyle. (Doran.) $1.35 67

WAR BOOKS

Over the Top. Empey. (Putnam.) $1.50 283
Private Peat. Peat. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50 240
My Four Years in Germany. Gerard. (Doran.) $2.00 125
All In It. Beith. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50 92
Carry On. Dawson. (Lane.) $1.00.... 79
Under Fire. Barbusse. (Dutton.) $1.50 69

A Complete List of Books and Their Authors Mentioned in the Foregoing Reports

All In It.
Anne's House of Dreams.
The Bolsheviki and World Peace.
Cabin Fever.
Calvary Alley.
Calvary of the Clouds.
Carry On.
Christine.
The Dark Star.
Crumps.
The Dwelling Place of Light.
Extricating Obadiah.
The False Faces.
Faulkner's Folly.
Fighting for Peace.
The First Hundred Thousand.
The Forfeit.
Fragments from France.
Frenzied Fiction.
German Menace to America.
Great Possessions.
The Green Mirror.
His Last Bow.
The High Heart.
His Family.
The Indian Drum.
Inside the Russian Revolution.
A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium.
The Kentucky Warbler.
Laugh and Live.
The Light in the Clearing.
The Little Grandmother of the Russian Revolution.
Long Live the King.
Love and Hatred.
The Land of Deepening Shadow.
The King in Babylon.
The Man Who Killed.
Missing.
The Major.
Miss Million's Maid.
Mistress Anne.
My Home in the Field of Mercy.
My Four Years in Germany.
Mr. Britling Sees It Through.
The Mystery of the Hasty Arrow.
On the Edge of the War Zone
On the Right of the British Line.
Over the Top.
Our Square and the People in It.
The Pan-German Plot Unmasked.
Private Peat.
Red Pepper's Patients.
Rhymes of the Rookies.
Rhymes of a Red Cross Man.
Salt of the Earth.
The Soul of the Russian Revolution.
Sonia
A Student in Arms.
The Three Black Pennys.
The Second Fiddle.
The Soul of a Bishop.
Sunny Slopes.
The Tree of Heaven.
Under Fire.
A Treasury of War Poetry.
The Secret Witness.
Three Things.
The U. P. Trail.
When a Man's a Man.
The War and the Bagdad Railway.
Webster-Man's Man.
The Winds of the World.
The Wolf Cub.
With the Colors.
Vanguard of the Plains.
A Yankee in the Trenches.

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